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SEPTEMBER 27, 1974

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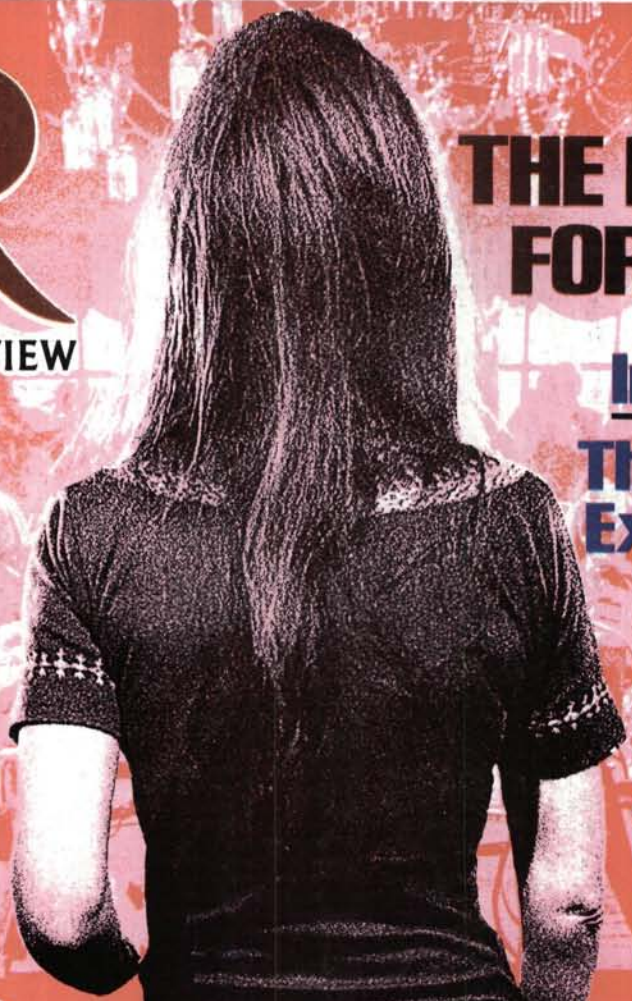
NATIONAL REVIEW



THE MARKET FOR IDEAS

Inflation: The German Experience

Also

Ronald H. Coase
Ferdinard Mount
Gerald Krefetz
Neal Freeman
Russell Kirk
Colm Brogan
Keith Mano

ROY E SMITH
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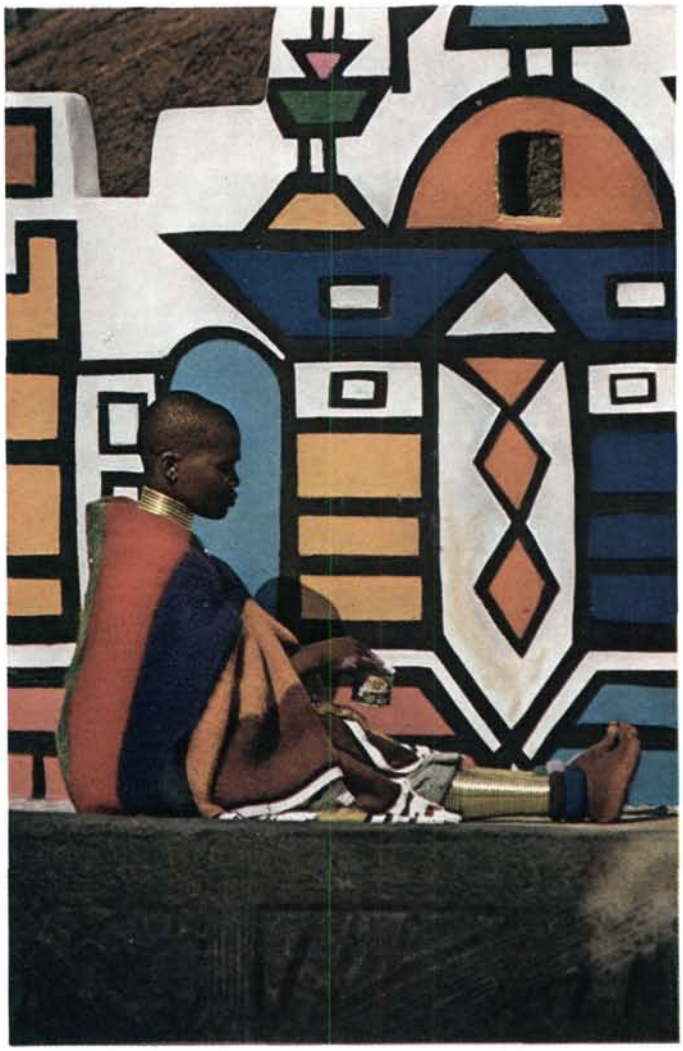
look at our art, or look at our art.



The women artists of the N'debele village have created abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses with masterly precision. There's something about the broad, bold strokes and bright, rich colors that has been an inspiration to artists like Picasso, Leger and Modigliani.

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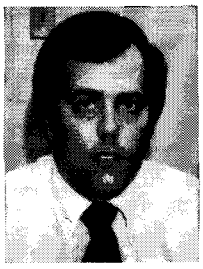


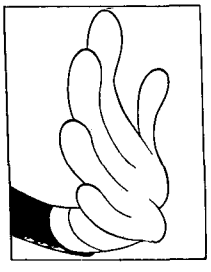
MAINES
Page 1106

COASE
Page 1095

NIEMEYER
Page 1109

MOUNT
Page 1117

BRIDGES
Page 1114



MANO
Page 1111

ARTICLES

1095 The Market for Ideas
Why laissez-faire is still reputable in only one area. *R. H. Coase*

1100 Inflation: The German Experience
A whore cost 6 billion marks and a cigarette—but money was "tight."
Gerald Krefetz

1102 The Fix Mr. Fixit Wilson Is In
His countrymen, alas, are in the same fix.
Colm Brogan

1103 The Tiger Cages Revisited
Tigers should have it so good.
Madsen Pirie

1104 Conservatism and the "Open Society"
Contra Kendall. *Dante Germino*

1105 An Australian Betrayal
The Whitlam regime scores one for detente. Shamefully. *Hal Colebatch*

1106 Wronging Rights in Quaker Town
On whether the First Amendment covers big business. *Patrick Maines*

COLUMNS

1093 Muffins
The President, says our Washington editor, has mismanaged his first real test.
George F. Will

1094 The Chilean Lessons
How Communist theoreticians account for Allende's failure—and what they propose to do about it. *James Burnham*

1108 Masters and Scholars
An international guild of scholars is engaged in an ancient yet innovative educational scheme. *Russell Kirk*

1109 Anti-Communism Old Hat?
Communism is more than the sum of its atrocities. *Gerhart Niemeyer*

ARTS & MANNERS

1111 My Last Resort
"You paid for it, you damned well better enjoy it." If you can. *D. Keith Mano*

1113 Stay Home
European vacationing is getting to be a bummer. *Nika Hazelton*

1114 The Men's Season
Russian defectors: bonanza for New York summer ballet. *Linda Bridges*

BOOKS

1115 Having been there, William F. Buckley examines "the most concentrated assault on moral reality in the history of free institutions." *Neal B. Freeman*

1116 Peter Gay brilliantly defends the great stylist-historians against the cliometricians. *Edwin M. Yoder Jr.*

1117 Herr Fest's big biography of Hitler yearns to comfort his countrymen, but misses its chance. *Ferdinand Mount*

1119 *Oscar Wilde*, by Martin Fido, is faithful to its decadent subject. *Aram Bakshian Jr.*

1120 Many of the lies the Irish tell of themselves are true. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

MISCELLANEOUS

1076 Letters
1080 For the Record
1083 The Week
1117 Random Notes
1126 On the Right
1128 Trans-O-Gram

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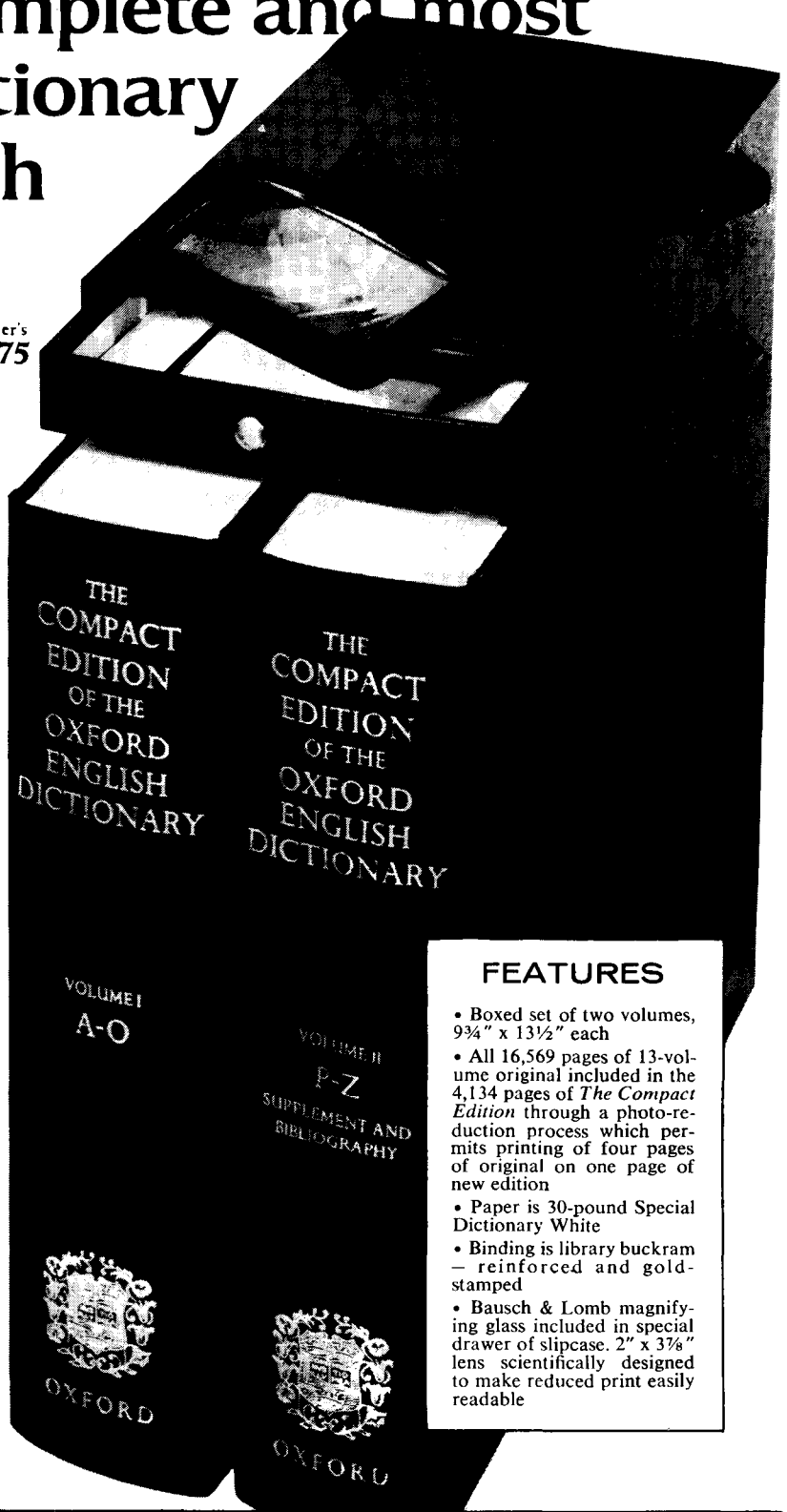

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Letters

La France et la Gloire

There is one helm at which President Giscard isn't ["Giscard at the Helm," by Alice-Leone Moats, Sept. 13]. I refer to the decision of the French government to scrap the splendid ship the *France*. She is the last of the grand transatlantic liners, an oasis of gracious civility, *French* civility, in a shortorder world; she is Frencher than truffles and Piaf and the Bois de Boulogne. Much of de Gaulle's idea of *gloire* was bunk, and needed to be thrown overboard. But the *France* is France's true *gloire*.

Scrap the *France*? Unthinkable, preposterous, *une bêtise* to end all *bêtises*.

Baltimore, Md. OLIVER STRAUB

Boys Will Be . . . Boys?

This is in response to Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column "Can We Avoid Sexism?" [August 2].

People who like both the English language and women should certainly not be bullied into confessing to sexist leanings when they say "chairman" or "He who laughs last laughs best." But the fact remains that *some* gender references are exclusionary; when Mr. Buckley referred to ". . . boys who love adventure stories" I imagine that virtually everyone reading his column assumed that he was referring to—well—boys. If he had said, "This book on dolls will appeal to all girls who like dolls," would a husky, male, beer-swilling, tattooed truck driver be accused of distorting your meaning if he wrote in to complain that he felt left out because when he was little he liked to play with dolls?

The matter is, of course, trivial; if I had made the reference to "boys who love adventure stories" I would not feel obliged to enter psychoanalysis in order to massage my deep-seated hostility toward the female sex. But Miss Shapiro, your offended correspondent, is right, and you should have apologized for offending her, rather than adopting a long-suffering pose and launching into a pained explanation of why it was just *too* much to be *believed* that anyone could *possibly* have thought you meant *boys* when you said *boys*.

San Francisco, Calif. BRIAN CASIDAY

Ave atque Vale

In a journalistic era that provides us with increasingly few pleasures, we can be grateful to NATIONAL REVIEW for its thoughtful and reasoned summary of the Nixon years ["Reflections on the Resignation," August 30]. True, in a fruitless and eventually senseless effort to protect his friends, Mr. Nixon did lie, and the media, axes honed since 1948, were able to administer their long desired coup de grace. Yet how much greater weight their protestations of horror concerning Mr. Nixon's lack of morality would carry if the media in the past had been equally distressed by the "morality" of Presidents whose vows of marital fidelity were a sham, or by the "morality" of a President who deliberately sacrificed the lives and limbs of forgotten thousands at Pearl Harbor, or by the Harvard and Chappaquiddick "morality" of their overwhelming choice to rule from the Oval Office and restore a sense of "decency" to America.

We conservatives may have much about which to be disappointed with the Nixon years, but if nothing else, we should revere his memory for restoring a sense of balance and a balance of sense to the Supreme Court. In the long run, most Americans are far less concerned with Mr. Nixon's sins than they are with the education and safety of their children and with the efforts to make the apprehension and conviction of criminals no longer an impossible dream. For this, at the very least, our thanks, Mr. President. *Ave atque vale.*

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOSEPH D. ISOLA

In reading James Jackson Kilpatrick's article about Richard Nixon [August 30], I get the gut feeling that he doth protest too much. Is he angry at Nixon because of the "awful lies" he told; or because, in telling those lies, he made Kilpatrick look like a fool in the last exclusive interview Nixon gave him? A stranger from Mars, coming onto the scene and reading such trash, would get the impression that this was the first time in history that a President "had looked us in the eye" and lied to us. Didn't Eisenhower lie to the American people about the facts at the time of the U-2 incident? Didn't Kennedy "look

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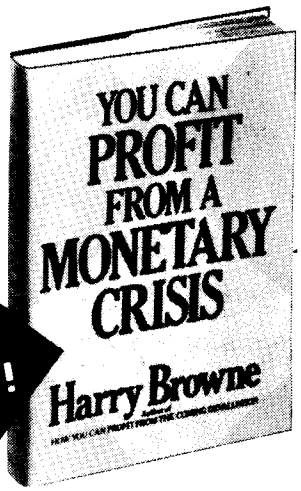

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A. James Gregor

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us in the eye" and lie to us about the Bay of Pigs, and about the alleged removal of those atomic weapons from Cuba? And I suppose LBJ was open and forthright about the details surrounding the Bobby Baker case? Then, of course, there was FDR who, on the radio, solemnly swore that "no American boys will be sent to fight on foreign soil." These were lies on far more serious matters than the coverup of that Laurel and Hardy type of comic break-in at Watergate. Where was Kilpatrick then? And where were the rest of the now outraged commentators and assorted politicians? Could it be that they have overnight acquired a sense of religion and morality?

Minneapolis, Minn. C. J. CHOUINARD

Because of the selection of Rockefeller as Vice President, I shall vote the Democratic ticket in all elections through 1976, no matter what is said, or what happens, in the interval; provided only I am able to vote.

My family and business associates will do the same.

New York, N.Y. CHARLES V. WILLIAMS

A Matter of Character

Chilton Williamson Jr.'s book review "The Politician and the Goblins," [July 19] offers a perceptive and timely analysis of Richard Nixon's personality problems. However, I believe the problem is not Mr. Nixon's personality, but rather his character.

It is probably true that Mr. Nixon's lack of urbanity and sophistication has a considerable bearing on the liberal media's aversion to him. But I do not believe that that failing, if it be a failing, explains his remarkably low rating with approximately 75 per cent of the general public. Such popularity must be deserved. I am confident that in "the heartland of America" a man is judged by his moral standards, and not by his social graces.

Most people, I think, would agree with the late Grantland Rice that it is not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game. Mr. Nixon's reverse application of that maxim could account for the fact, which Mr. Williamson seems to deplore, that even after an election victory Mr. Nixon "came off as a shifty hick in the eyes of those whose acceptance meant much to him." Abraham Lincoln, with whom Mr. Nixon liked to identify himself, would certainly qualify as a hick. But none of his bitter enemies felt it appropriate, as far as I am aware, to describe his as shifty—or even as tricky.

Mr. Williamson concludes that "many people dislike ambitious young proletarians when they grow into capitalists." The success of the Horatio Alger stories would seem to disprove that assumption. But Alger's heroes had two qualities in common: they were all poor but honest.

Kent, Conn. ROBERT S. COE

(Continues on page 1082)

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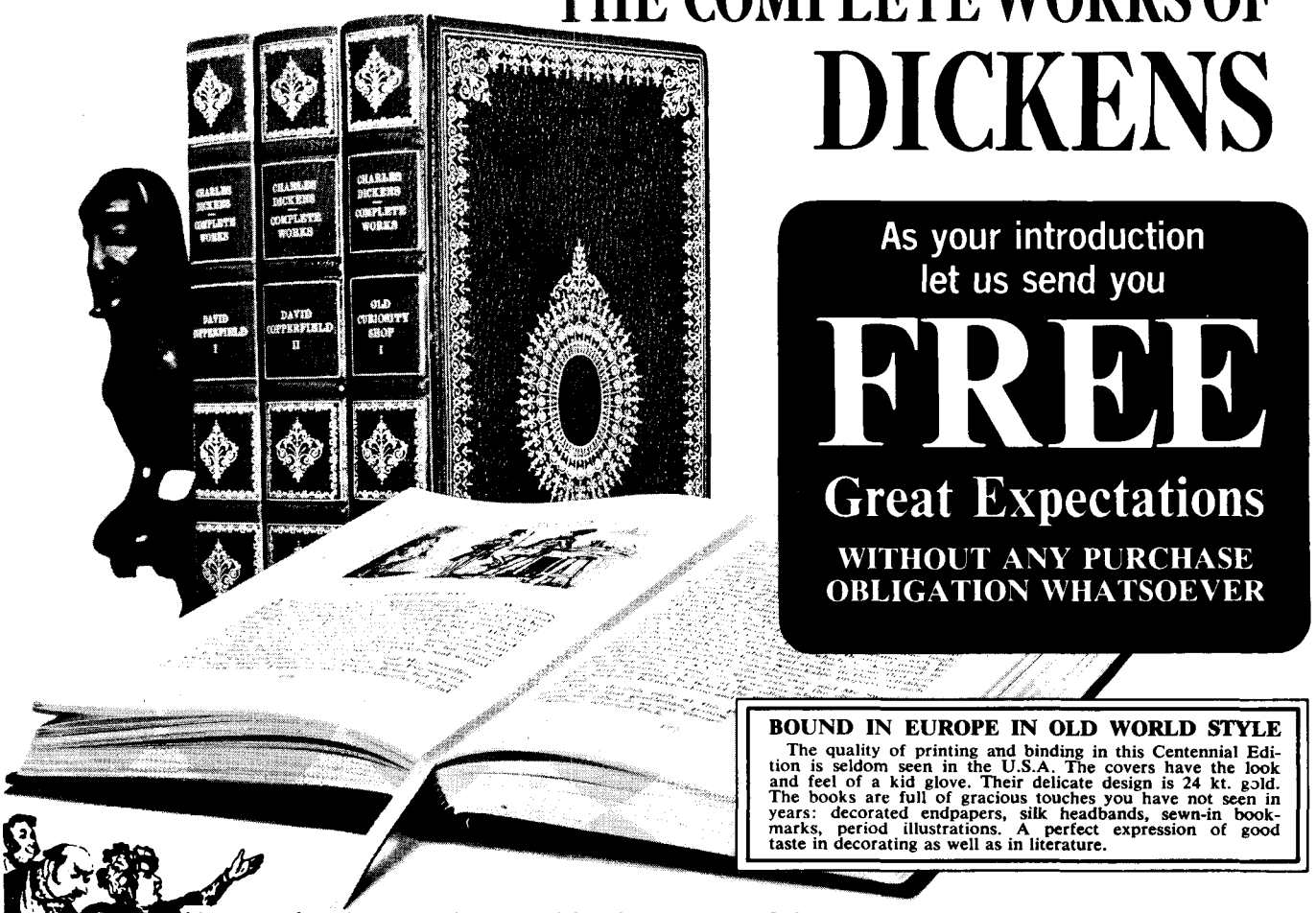

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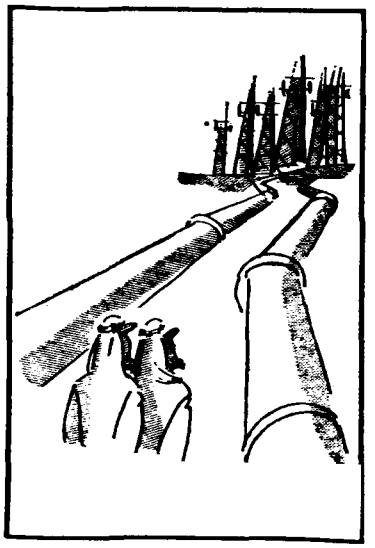
FOR THE RECORD

■ No one takes seriously reports that Congress may go back into session after elections to speed the fight against inflation. Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield** has his doubts about it, Minority Leader **Hugh Scott** thinks the idea is unrealistic, as does House Minority Leader **John Rhodes**. Says Scott, who is not above making a little partisan gravy on the subject: "What the leadership of Congress, through the [Democratic] majority, has failed to do in 38 years I do not think can be done in three months." . . . The **AFL-CIO** is very quietly junking millions of pieces of mail it had printed up urging the people to return a "veto-proof Congress" in November, not only a) because **Richard Nixon**, the veto-proof-Congress-ee is no longer there but b) because campaign badly backfired, caused moderates to wonder whether labor might not be calling for end of two-party system. . . . Former Democratic National Chairman **Lawrence O'Brien**, in fascinating *Christian Science Monitor* interview (Sept. 5), thinks two-party system may have had it anyway. The deterioration of both parties has been so great, he says, that "a new and lasting third party might emerge." . . . The longtime alliance between the Democratic Party and organized labor is under increasing stress. The AFL-CIO's chief lobbyist on the Hill, **Alexander Barkan**, has threatened to cut COPE's ties with the Democratic Party if Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss** fails to make changes Barkan and **Meany** insist on in how next Democratic presidential convention is run. And Strauss may not be able to deliver. . . . Meanwhile, former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy** is threatening to be "a deadly serious candidate for the White House" in 1976, as head of a new political movement. (Among McCarthy's supporters is **John Kenneth Galbraith** who, comments columnist **John Roche**, "specializes in deriding the conventional wisdom even if it is wise.")



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rotheo

"One's oil and the other's dollars."

■ **Ivy League papers** (Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale) immediately came out against Nixon's pardon (the reason Colgate, Dartmouth, and Harvard did not, presumably, was that they were not yet publishing). . . . And Rep. **Frank Thompson** (D., N.J.)—cumulative ACA rating of 5 per cent—says Nixon pardon should be coupled with amnesty for all WWI and II, Korean and Vietnam war deserters, plus posthumous amnesty for **Robert E. Lee**—and **Adam Clayton Powell Jr.**

■ On the international front: Sens. **Claiborne Pell** (D., R.I.) and **Jacob Javits** (R., N.Y.), members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, will visit Cuba in the next week or ten days on a fact-finding mission. . . . Meanwhile Sen. **J. William Fulbright** and Rep. **Michael Harrington** (D., Mass.) have introduced legislation in Congress to repeal the Cuba Resolution of 1962 which called for the economic boycott of **Castro** (co-sponsors in the House, **Bella Abzug, Herman Badillo**, and **Elizabeth Holtzman** of New York, and **George Brown** and **Paul McCloskey** of California). . . . A Japanese news report from **Red China** quotes Fulbright, now there on a visit, as saying Peking will insist the U.S. pull its ambassador out of Taiwan before Mainland China and the United States can establish full diplomatic relations. . . . Former Republican National Chairman **George Bush** who was named U.S. representative in Red China, to replace **David Bruce**, carries ambassadorial rank but is not an ambassador. . . . His counterpart in Washington, incidentally, **Huang Chen**, is somewhat of a rarity: he was the only Chinese diplomat not to be called home during the Cultural Revolution of 1967-1969.

■ If you want to know where the hard Left listeth, take a look at boxes in Communist *Daily World*. The current crop: "Impeach the Monopolists" (always good), "Expel South Africa from the UN," "End U.S. Blockade of Cuba," "Stop the Fascist Clique in Chile," "Out with the Corrupt Regime in Saigon [Seoul]," "Down with George Meany." . . . A United States Court of Appeals has upheld contempt conviction of lawyer **William Kunstler**, in connection with Chicago 7 case, which could mean disbarment proceedings against Kunstler in New York. . . . And Maoist *Guardian* headlines story about **Timothy Leary** (he's currently cooperating with federal authorities in their investigation of the Weather Underground): "Turn On, Tune In, Fink Out."

■ Going the rounds in Britain, where Liberal Party leader **Jeremy Thorpe** has been electioneering among vacation crowds at the beaches from a Hovercraft, the crack that this is the nearest a politician has gotten yet to walking on water.

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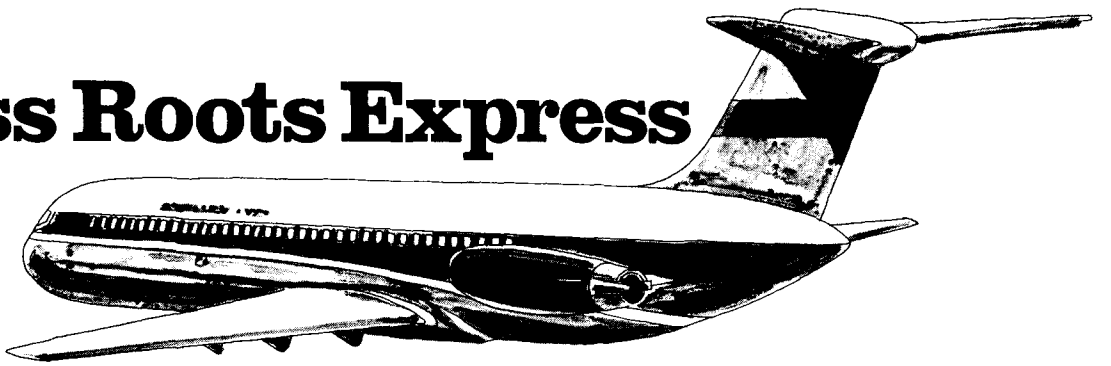

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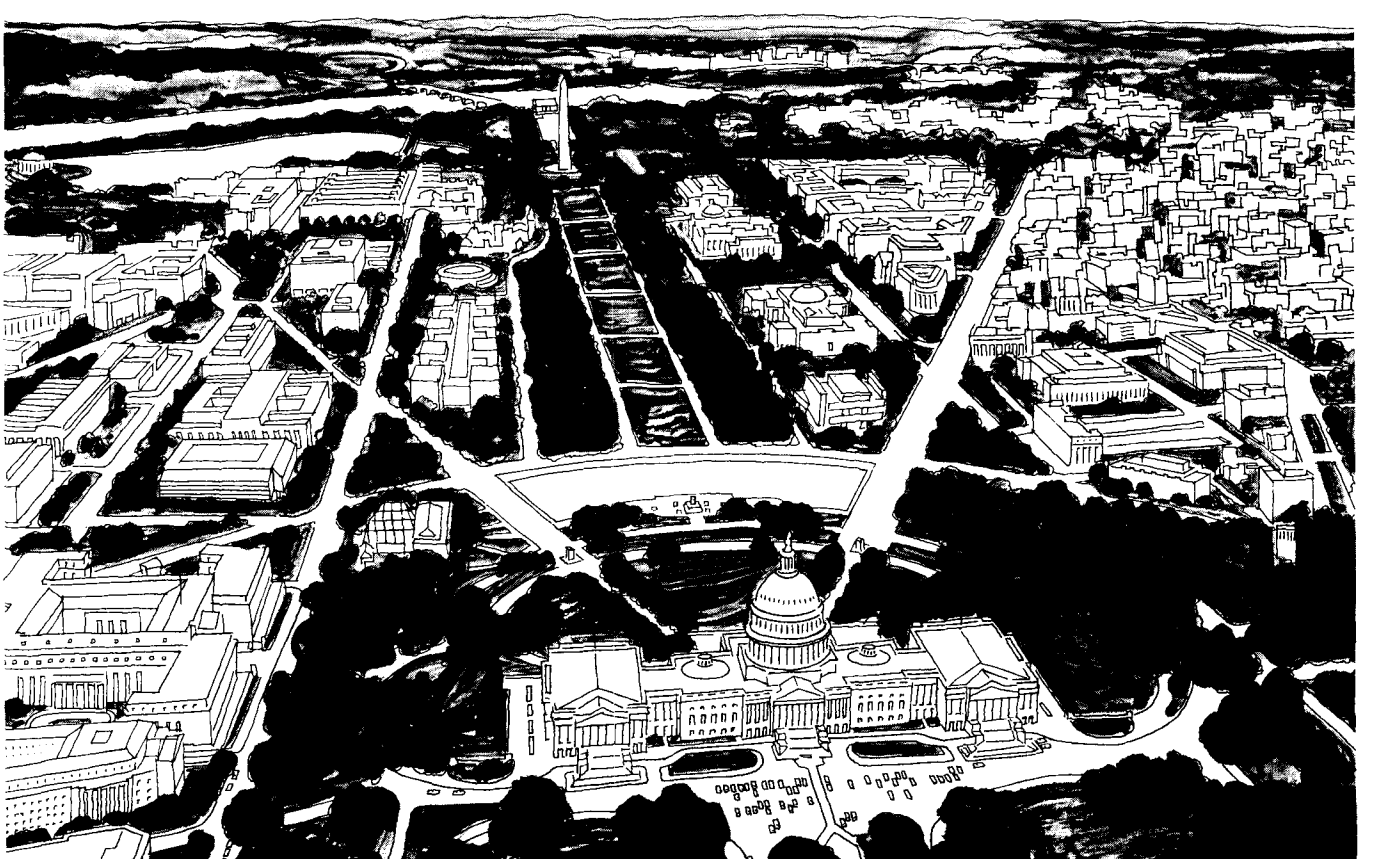

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1078)

Equal Rights For Ulcers

Anent fluoridation of water ["The Week," August 16] it has always been somewhat of a mystery to me as to why those who would dump more junk into an already unpalatable water supply seem to be obsessed only with tooth decay.

How about a supply of Alka Seltzer for the party people, some Maalox for the ulcer brigade, and a few tons of aspirin for the beleaguered taxpayer who finds the ratholes opening up faster than he can produce the green stuff to pour down them?

True, too (or too true), a daily B-52 load of birth control pills dropped into the Ganges and Niger might help ensure that in a few years there will be something left to get cavities from.

Metairie, La. FRANCIS J. HOTARD

Whose Money?

Re your note in "The Week" [August 16] about the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco being cited four times for violations of antismog ordinances—do you suppose they pay their fines in some of that unusable currency they've been caught burning?

Park Ridge, Ill. PENELOPE L. PULLEN

Henry Hazlitt ["Return to Gold?" August 2] is lucid and technical and persuasive. Now who will discuss the civil disobedience issue—the ownership of gold *now*, while it is illegal? Not a few conservatives, I suspect (and liberals as well), are in violation of that law.

Boston, Mass. VINCENT MASTERS

Getting the Message

John W. Bowling's article "The Cost of Interdependence" [May 24] is laudable on all counts. I do have one point to add.

As it happens, oil is among the few remaining important commodities that many nations (not including the U.S.) cannot produce or replace without foreign trade. As Mr. Bowling puts it, "The new self-sufficiency has its cost in terms of living standards and welfare."

I wonder, though. It has its cost in reduced automobile sales and costlier travel and charges for plastic shopping bags. But is the cost net?

It may even be our salvation: if we travel less and make fewer disposable gadgets, we ease the traffic problem, the pollution problem, the balance of payments, and a dozen other problems as well.

Everywhere in the West the authorities have already contrived to make the worst of the oil-scare lesson. In Germany, for instance, they would like to give up speed limits and go back to travel as usual, but hesitate because of the traffic fatalities. The speed limits may not save as much in gas as in lives, but the real function is more important than either: a signal to drive less; a reminder that the pleasure of motoring is no longer an innocent one.

As Sir Geoffrey Vickers says in his magnificent new *Making Institutions Work*: "Even the bombs dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were—and were intended to be—more effective as communications than as agents of destruction."

Can't we get the sheiks' message, even if not precisely the intended one?

Düsseldorf BARROWS MUSSEY

Burnham and the Croats

In his second article on Yugoslavia "Communism or Communisms?" [July 19] Mr. James Burnham assures his readers that his "excessive foreknowledge [of that country] was a handicap to direct perception." I fear this claim is somewhat premature.

If it is indeed true that "in modern times, Western political and diplomatic doctrine has centered in the concept of the nation," then how are we to appreciate Mr. Burnham's altogether indifferent attitude toward national oppression, which is the most salient aspect of Tito's "non-totalitarian" regime? Throughout his voyage from Kotor to Solin, he discovered only Dalmatians (regional term) and Yugoslavs (supranational entity) but *not one* Croat, although this is the very cradle of Croat statehood.

Mr. Burnham should be told that in this respect he found himself on common ground with the Yugoslav authorities, who have been waging a relentless ferret hunt against all strivings for Croat statehood and independence.

Should not authoritative American journals such as NATIONAL REVIEW take a much more serious stance toward Croat aspirations, particularly since the Croat question happens to be a significant factor in the entire span of Balkan relations? Perhaps the events in Cyprus will start an avalanche which will make the last Balkan hamlet as familiar as Danang.

Berkeley, Calif. NAME WITHHELD

Addendum

Just a small correction to Arnold Steinberg's article on the YAF reunion ["Where Were You in '64?" August 16]: Liberatarian Party is capitalized. Also, in case any of your readers is interested in it, the address is 550 Kearny, San Francisco, Calif. 94108.

Green Village, N.J. JIM FRAZER

Hitler's Pupils

I have just read Linda Bridges' article "Psychiatry, KGB Style" [July 19] and I am glad you have brought these sordid facts to public attention. Very few Americans seem to be aware that the KGB runs mental hospitals—or even that the KGB (or NKVD) of Stalin's day is still a multi-billion-ruble operation.

Miss Bridges reports that nothing is known about life in the psychiatric colo-

(Continues on page 1122)

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THE WEEK

■ "Hopefully for the last time, but this time for sure, the United States must provide a foreign nation with military aid adequate to deter any wise enemy and crush any foolish assault." FDR, 1939? LBJ, 1964? Nope. Ramsey Clark, 1974. Not to be confused with Ramsey Clark, 1972. Or 1973. Or 1971. Why has Clark-74 taken to this imperialist warmongering? Frankly, we are baffled. But a) the "foreign nation" is Israel; b) Clark-74 is seeking election to the U.S. Senate; c) the incumbent he is trying to unseat is the redoubtable Jacob Javits. File under Politics, New.

■ Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in a woman and doubly gratifying in a *New York Post* columnist. Then came Amnesty, and Mary McGrory went the way of Harriet Van Horne: "Everybody expected a pardon. But nobody expected Gerald Ford to make a Pearl Harbor of it." Why a Pearl Harbor? Because "Ford chose a Sunday for his sneak attack on due process and common sense." And another thing: "Ford's proclamation was suitably given on the day that Evel Knievel, who was also defying common sense and the laws of gravity [*sic*], attempted to zoom over the Snake River Canyon." And how appropriate that it should be the *Snake* River Canyon! Then the giveaway: "His statement was worthy of Watergate, and could in fact have been written by Nixon. The passive construction—always a sure sign that a fast one is being pulled—is used." Having parsed those last two sentences, we are pleased to report our strong suspicion that Miss McGrory is pulling —ah, that is, that a fast one is being pulled by Miss McGrory. For a minute it was feared that a *real* conniption was being had.

■ Results of the September 10 primaries. *Colorado*: Gary Hart, manager of McGovern's 1972 campaign, made a rightward turn and won the Democratic nomination to the Senate. Unlike his old boss in his Colorado campaign Hart opposed busing, unconditional amnesty, and gun control. He has the best campaign organization in the state and should give Republican incumbent Peter Dominick a fight in the November election. *New York*: Aside from demanding arms for Israel (without consulting Hanoi) Ramsey Clark didn't move an inch to the right in winning the Democratic nomination to the Senate against Syracuse Mayor Lee Alexander. Clark isn't given much of a chance against the vote-getting superstar Javits in the November election, but one pol said, "I have a feeling Jacob Javits is in for a surprise." In the Democrats' race for the gubernatorial slot, Representative Hugh Carey trounced Howard Samuels, the former head of the Off Track Betting parlors. *Massachusetts*: Although the incumbent Republican governor easily won renomination, Republican officials are by no means overjoyed. GOP registration in Massachusetts is only 20 per cent and Governor Sargent took potshots at his party throughout his campaign; one of his boasts was that he appointed seventy Democratic judges in his years in office. The major upset in the day's primaries took place in *Maryland,* where Lawrence Hogan, the first GOP member of the House Judiciary Committee to support the impeachment of Richard Nixon, lost to Louise Gore, a former state senator. Mrs. Gore's November opponent will be liberal Governor Marvin Mandel, who easily won renomination.

■ "Leading Economists Feel Federal Reserve Needs to Ease Monetary Policy." That was the headline following the first economic summit. (Friedman's harshest critics, Brimmer and Galbraith, joined him in dissenting from the oppressive orthodoxy.) Not too surprising since only two or three "monetarists" were invited out of a total of 28 economists and 19 government officials. At gatherings of people who don't understand that inflation is a monetary phenomenon, there is usually little difficulty in arriving at a consensus that money is too "tight" (*never* too loose). Many economists schooled during the New Deal, whether Democrat or Republican, simply cannot rid themselves of the archaic notions that inflation cures unemployment, that a little unemployment is infinitely worse than a lot of inflation, and that increasing the supply of money will lower interest rates. These ideas are demonstrably false, but nobody likes to recall his own faulty textbook.

■ Senator James Buckley has introduced the principle of indexation, as it is now called, into federal taxation. The reason is that the government has been making excessive profits on inflation. If, say, your income rises 15 per cent during a period when the rate of inflation is 15 per cent, you would appear to have "kept pace." Ah, but the catch is that Uncle Sam is 'way ahead of you: you have probably moved into a higher tax bracket. In a word, "keeping pace" has left you poorer. And Uncle Sam richer. What Senator Buckley's Cost of Living Adjustment Act would do is tie the rate of taxation, on the graduated scale, to the real value of the dollar—taxing you, in effect, according to your real purchasing power,

The Pardoner's Tale

Dan Rather took another job;
The *NY Times* was strangely still.
The Weicker types had ceased to lob
Their nasty brickbats on the Hill.
TV was like a sing-along;
The pulpit, too, intoned "Amen."
But now that Ford has done them wrong
They're salivating once again.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Ford White House has been having a devil of a time getting Jesuit Father John McLaughlin, a Nixon holdover, to recognize that he is no longer wanted. Fr. McLaughlin was an outspoken defender of Mr. Nixon. He was formally listed on the press office staff. But press secretary Jerry terHorst announced that Fr. McLaughlin was no longer needed and would be dropped soon. But Fr. McLaughlin said, "the period of my stay is indeterminate." So terHorst said he would just abolish Fr. McLaughlin's job.

That was before terHorst abolished terHorst.

■ The Gallup Poll shows Mr. Ford leading Ted Kennedy 57 to 33 per cent with 10 per cent undecided. But the poll was based on a two-way race, which is highly unlikely, given that former Senator Eugene McCarthy already is heating up a third party candidacy and George Wallace is expected to launch a fourth party. Moreover, this poll came at a time when Mr. Ford was riding exceptionally high, and it came just after a spate of media rehashes of Chappaquiddick. . . . Former Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien—one of the original "Irish Mafia" who served John Kennedy during the 1960 campaign—says Ted Kennedy can get the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination if he seeks it, but he, O'Brien, hopes he will not seek it. He says: "I was in Dallas and Los Angeles and I can't forget."

■ The wages of sin are not bad. Senator J. William Fulbright, overwhelmingly rejected in his reelection bid by the people of Arkansas, could well become ambassador to England. So the man explaining our NATO policies to our closest NATO allies is a consistent opponent of NATO policies. Former Kentucky Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper will be presiding—sort of—over our embassy in East Berlin. Cooper is very old and feeble. To be blunt, he had a lot of trouble staying awake during his last years in the Senate. He was shamefully manipulated by the young leftwingers he hired in large numbers. No doubt he will take a batch of them with him to East Berlin.

■ In the last 16 months Amtrak officials have spent more than three quarters of a million dollars on business trip air fares. The air fares are for trips to cities served by Amtrak trains.

■ WATERGATE BRIEFS: The uproar over the pardoning of Mr. Nixon, combined with the general public concern about federal spending as a cause of inflation, insures that there will be a major row over Mr. Ford's request for $850,000 for Mr. Nixon's retirement expenses for this year. . . . Judge John Sirica has ordered that the six defendants in the Watergate coverup trial (Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Mitchell the all-stars) shall be seated at separate tables when the trial begins September 30. He wants to minimize the chance that the jury will lump them all together in its collective mind. There are not many people here who would bet much on the trial's starting September 30—or ever. There is something in the air, a kind of spreading doubt that the law will catch up with any of the major Watergate figures. . . . David Eisenhower, Mr. Nixon's son-in-law, says Mr. Nixon is a "natural resource" who should come back to government. Mr. Eisenhower thinks Mr. Nixon should run for the Senate.

—CATO

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rather than your income in absolute numbers of inflated dollars.

■ President Ford's attempt to postpone federal pay increases for a few months was treated with predictable scorn by those who think the function of government is to control *private* wages, rather than to keep its own house in order. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the average salaries of federal employees rose at an annual rate of 9.1 per cent over the five-year period ending in 1972-73. The comparable increase for various categories of employees in the private sector ranged from 5.8 to 6.6 per cent—just about enough to offset the inflation and taxes used to finance the soaring federal payrolls. A strict application of equal treatment would seem to imply freezing government hiring and pay boosts for much longer than the President suggests, so that the private sector has some chance to catch up. Instead, the latest New Deal revival is to add another $4 billion or so to the federal payroll—paid for by those supposedly overpaid private workers.

■ The recent Soviet space flight that began with fanfare ended in dark of night after unusually short duration—two days. As always, details are sketchy, but it is generally assumed that the craft, Soyuz 15, failed to dock with the Salyut orbital station. In July a Soyuz completed a successful 15-day docking mission, but in April of this year a Salyut station malfunctioned. All in all, not too good an augury for the planned U.S.-Soviet Apollo-Soyuz mission next July.

■ After three years of confinement in Soviet prisons, Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian seaman who attempted to defect and was handed back by the American Coast Guard, may be in for some good luck. The U.S. has established that his mother, born in Brooklyn, is an American citizen making him (*lex sanguinis*) an American citizen as well. How far the U.S. will push this argument will no doubt depend on how detentish the Soviets are feeling at the moment. But however things turn out for Kudirka, it seems that the American bureaucracy still has not grasped the principle his thwarted defection should have established. On Independence Day of this year, according to the *Sacramento Union*, a Polish seaman, Jerzy Konrad, jumped ship off the Oregon coast and the U.S. Immigration and Nationalization Service is trying—to send him back to Poland. At least, having made it to land, he is given the benefit of our protracted court procedures.

■ Police in Glasgow, Scotland are graciously withholding the name of the lady who stretched the frontiers of human achievement by driving through two garage walls,

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flattening four fences, and knocking down every single obstacle on the course in her driver's test. Unfortunately, there is no word on whether she passed.

■ The *Financial Times*, England's *Wall Street Journal*, has done the arithmetic and discovered that at present prices Saudi Arabia could buy the thirty companies in the *Times*' principal stock market index (their Dow Jones index) "out of a little more than six months of this year's expected foreign income"—about $10.9 billion. After that it's down hill. Trouble is, they'd get Britain's chaos along with the goods and, well, who wants it?

■ International titillations we none of us should miss: About-to-be-partitioned Cyprus is the only country in the world whose flag is a map of itself. . . . For reasons not immediately clear—the reason given is that it "contains disruptive elements which assail harmony between Chileans"—*Fiddler on the Roof* has been banned in Chile. . . . Ex-Premier and strongman Thanom Kittikachorn of Thailand, now in exile in the States, has filed for a permit to open a restaurant in Boston. . . . Rhodesia has chosen a new national anthem to replace "God Save the Queen," "The Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth. . . . And good old Idi Amin says all his Cabinet ministers must undergo military training—including, presumably, Princess Elizabeth Bagaya of Toro, his Foreign Ministress.

■ Can't help wondering whether all those folks whose sense of justice is so outraged by the Nixon pardon are the same folks whose sense of justice was so easily assuaged by Ted Kennedy's suspended driver's license.

Nixon's Pardon

Optimists predicted that Gerald Ford's honeymoon with the opposition in Congress and with the media would last six weeks. In fact, it lasted exactly a month, terminating in the face of the first tough decision he has made. Inevitably, Ford would have been ejected from his synthetic Mt. Rushmore over any number of other decisions: on Vietnam, on budgetary priorities, on the Middle East, and so forth. He has now undoubtedly learned that none of his earlier atmospherics could protect him, not the citations from Mao, not those Oval Office sessions with militant women and blacks, not the female preacher, not his English muffins, and not Nelson Rockefeller.

It seems quite evident that a) Ford had long intended to pardon Nixon, though b) not necessarily just now or in quite this manner. Ford's brief remarks upon his inauguration came down strongly on the side of compassion for Nixon and his family. When he reversed his own long held position, and came out for unconditional amnesty for draft evaders, he may well have been setting the stage for the eventual Nixon pardon. Without that prior move, the pardon would have aroused even more fury that it did.

It is reasonable to suppose that Ford began to consider the pardon issue as soon as Nixon revealed the transcripts of those inculpating June 23 conversations, and virtually confessed to complicity in the Watergate coverup; though, even prior to that, Ford knew that the Watergate Grand Jury had already named Nixon as a co-conspirator in the obstruction of justice.

What, as the scenario presented itself to President Ford, were the alternatives to a pardon? He could have waited, and allowed the judicial process to proceed. He had, however, been informed by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski that preparing for a Nixon trial might take a year, bringing us to mid- or late 1975. After the indictment there would have been the spectacle of Nixon appearing in court for the arraignment—and, probably, pleading not guilty in the face of universal disbelief, television cameras and Dan Rather dogging his tracks down the courthouse steps. Then we would have the impaneling of a jury, coincident, perhaps, with the presidential primary season of the winter of 1975-76. Once the members of the jury had been selected, they would instantly become national figures, their backgrounds canvassed by sociologists, their families and friends endlessly interviewed. The spectacle of a former President in the dock would distract and polarize the country, and might paralyze the jury, but on the assumption that Nixon would be convicted, we could then expect appeals all the way to the Supreme Court. On appeal, Nixon's lawyers would have a strong point about the difficulty of his attaining a fair trial.

This unfolding scenario could conceivably carry us through the presidential election of 1976, and perhaps far beyond. It is difficult to predict how long Nixon might constitute a cause célèbre, and the longer the process went on, the more people would come to feel that it was excessive and a travesty. President Ford must have considered all this, and not only from a narrowly partisan point of view, but with the health of the political process in mind. Since Nixon has virtually confessed his guilt, since he has provided the transcribed evidence against himself, and since he has publicly attested to "the depths of my regret and pain at the anguish my mistakes over Watergate have caused the nation and the Presidency," what purpose would be served if the nation were to divert itself for the next year or two with a trial of Richard Nixon? A Jacobinical segment of American opinion would indeed experience prolonged ecstasy during a show trial of Nixon—for that is what it would amount to. President Ford correctly shortcircuited that Jacobinical desire.

Various objections have been raised to Ford's action, such as that now we will never learn the "full truth" about Watergate. This is absurd. We know virtually all the details about the bugging and the coverup, and about who was involved. It is not plausible to suppose

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that we would learn any more from Nixon himself as a defendant. He might not even testify in his own behalf. The possibility does remain that he will be obliged to testify in the forthcoming trials of his indicted aides, and if so he will, by accepting the pardon, have forgone his privileges under the Fifth Amendment. The pardon, thus, may prove to be the most efficacious way of arriving at the "full truth" via Richard Nixon.

The objection that "equal justice" was violated is of course more weighty, for the principle is central to republican theory. A number of things can be said here, however, by way of reply. First of all, the sweeping power of executive clemency was written into the Constitution by the founders with the obvious intention of allowing for exceptions to the generally applicable processes of law—if the President judged it to be wise to make an exception. The existence of that provision means that though it would be reasonable to question President Ford's judgment here, in this specific case, it is not valid to assert against his action a general presumption of equality.

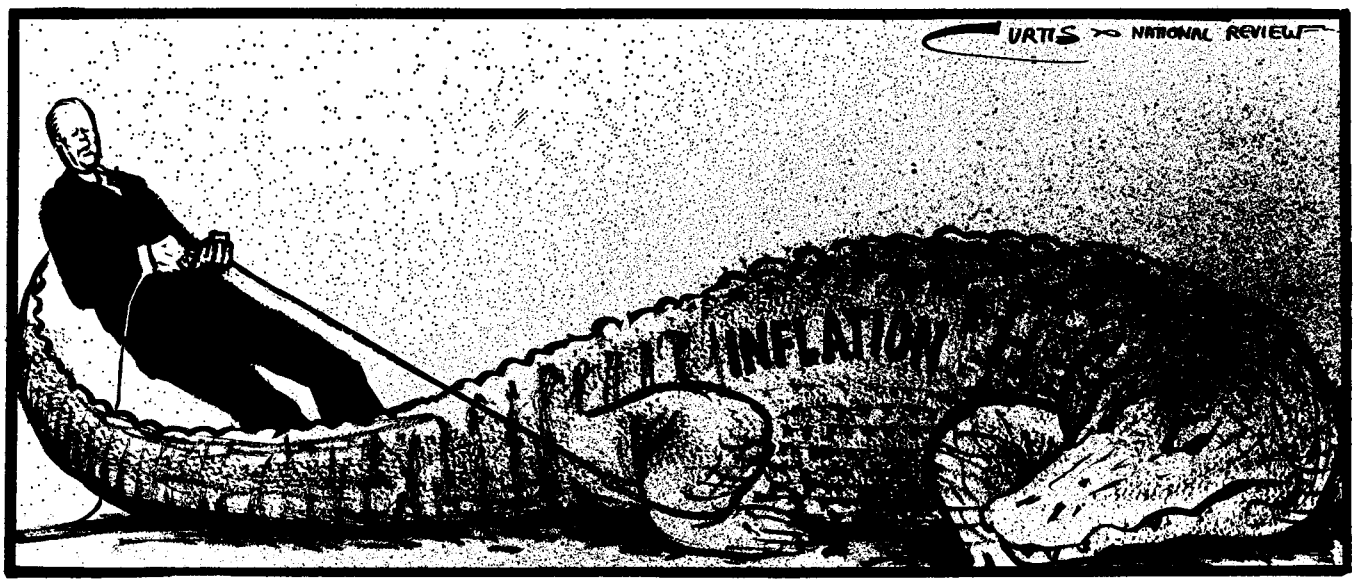
Furthermore, President Ford had to take into account a conflict powerfully present between the republican principle of "equal justice" and the existential fact that widespread feeling places a former President in a different category from his appointed aides. Though, legally, Richard Nixon is once again a "citizen," he is widely perceived as something in addition to that. No one has been arguing over the prospect of prosecuting Ehrlichman or Strachan, but Nixon was causing deep difficulty, and even Special Prosecutor Jaworski was uncomfortably biding his time. Congress, so assertive and self-congratulatory a month ago, had long since slunk away from the problem and left it up to Leon.

But though the indications are that President Ford had long since envisioned a pardon for Nixon, why did he move so secretly and so suddenly on Sunday, September 8? It is known that a careful study of the political and legal issues involved was under way, and had not been completed. Ford, so far as is known, had not —in contradiction to his usual practice—conferred with the leaders of Congress and his friends there. The reasonable inference is that some new, unexpected factor suddenly precipitated his action. It is possible, as some reports have it, that Julie Nixon Eisenhower reached Ford with dire reports about Nixon's mental condition.

In tough political terms, it is probably a plus from the conservative standpoint that Ford has now burned his bridges to the great organs of liberal opinion. Not often does the editorial page of the *New York Times* reach so suddenly the upper decibels, nor do so many commentators act as if the dog star raged. Among the liberals he has been stroking so assiduously, Ford's fall from grace was as precipitous as that of Wolsey or Laud. The real battle lines in American politics have reemerged.

Reactions

By September 10, two days after President Ford granted the "full, free, and absolute" pardon to former President Nixon, both the **Washington Post** and the **New York Times** had filed for divorce. "If clemency had followed conviction rather than preceded it," said the *Times*, "there would have been wide acceptance of President Ford's exercise of his power to pardon." The *Post* said: "To spare Mr. Nixon *any* of the legal consequences that would have confronted an ordinary citizen . . . is to misread and misjudge what Watergate has been all about from the beginning: an arrogant, arbitrary distinction between common people and their government leaders when it comes to the faithful observance of the law." The **Wall Street Journal**, on the other hand, supported the pardon: "The anti-Nixon forces have won the larger question, and their bitterness over a flawed victory probably will recede more quickly than would the losers' bitterness over total humiliation



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. . . From [Ford's] own standpoint it is better to pay the costs now than in, say, October of 1976. But from the nation's standpoint too, it is better not to have the aftermath of the impeachment crisis dragging on indefinitely." Citing a "conflict of consciences" with their Washington bureau chief, Jerald F. terHorst, the editors of the **Detroit News** called the pardon a "correct" and "courageous" move, which will "prevent the nation from pursuing a broken man in a spirit of vengeance and hatred which, after the passion had subsided, would have left us all with a sense of shame." The Left, of course, was enraged. The Communist **Daily World** somberly warned "that there is a possibility that the Ford in your future might be a tank."

Reaction from abroad was also mixed. The **London Daily Express** said: "Mr. Ford has made a good beginning by dispersing the clouds of fear and distrust which have darkened the Presidency." The **London Times** echoed the *NY Times* and *Washington Post*: "There is, it turns out after all, one law for the powerful and another for the ordinary citizen." Sweden's **Aftonbladet** said the pardon was Mr. Ford's "first mistake." Ford won't give unconditional amnesty to Americans who opposed the Vietnam War, but Nixon, "guilty of the Vietnam War, Watergate, and other big crimes, shall be protected, otherwise the system would break down. . . . All Americans are not equal before the law." Stockholm's **Svenska Dagbladet** said: "Even if there are strong reasons for the opinion that justice should take its course, the motives for clemency that Ford put forth so well are even stronger."

Most politicians reacted along party lines. Senator **Edward Kennedy** called the pardon a serious mistake. Senator **Barry Goldwater** said "the President's decision was not an easy one, but in my opinion it was the only decent and prudent course to follow." Senator **Sam Ervin**, chairman of the Senate Watergate Committee, said Ford's action was "inexpedient, incompatible with good government, and sets a bad precedent for the future." Senator **John Stennis** was one of the few Democrats who approved the pardon, saying Nixon had already sustained "severe and what will prove to be continuing punishment." Republican Senator **Lowell Weicker** sided with most of the Democrats, saying the pardon "might be a personal, political, or emotional reaction, but it's neither equal justice nor leadership in a government of laws." Representative **John Conyers**, a member of the House Judiciary Committee, took the obvious step. He says he's considering the possibility of an impeachment resolution against Ford, charging him with "extending the Watergate coverup."

Senator **James Buckley**'s comment made distinctions: "I fully support the principle of clemency for Richard Nixon. But I also believe that the exercise of clemency would have been more appropriate and would have been assured the support of a far larger portion of the public had it occurred after an admission of responsibility on the part of the former President, or after the course of events had more clearly fixed the nature and extent of that responsibility. I feel, in short, that the President's action was premature."

Archibald Cox, the first Watergate special prosecutor, said an advance pardon defeats three principles important to a free society: determining guilt or innocence by established processes, preserving the integrity of the legal proceedings, and making certain "that the law does in truth apply to all men equally." But **Elliot Richardson**, Nixon's former Attorney General and the man who resigned rather than fire Cox, supported the pardon: "The result is compassionate and right for the country although I might have preferred that it had been reached by a somewhat different route." **Albert Jenner**, the demoted Republican counsel of the House Judiciary Committee, once again sided with the Democratic position. He called the pardon "the greatest plea bargain in history" and accused Ford of "a lack of respect for the administration of justice." **John Lindsay**, the former mayor of New York City, returned from Europe in time to give his reaction: "We've always known that there was a double or triple standard of justice in our country, but to have the top governmental official place his imprimatur on it is very saddening."

Finally, a word from **Harriet Van Horne**, no Portia: "In any American dialogue that floats past me, there had better not to be [*sic*] a recurrence of the phrase, 'Richard Nixon has suffered enough.' The truth is, he hasn't."

Jawboning the New York Times

Only an incurable faith in the efficacy of wage-price controls could lead one to expect much from the Council on Wage and Price Stability. But if the revived Council has any positive roll to play, it must surely be in a situation where two firms and one union control an entire market, and where price increases and profits have consistently been far above average. The only such company that comes to mind is the *New York Times*, which 1) has only one rival left among morning newspapers in New York City, 2) has persistently caved in to extremely costly and wasteful demands of the local Typographical Union, 3) has ranked sixth in earnings growth per share among the entire *Fortune* 500 over the past decade, and 4) has increased the price of its principal product by 100 per cent since 1970 and by 566 per cent in the postwar period.

Thanks to a tax loophole allowing newspapers to accumulate undistributed and untaxed profits for buying up independent papers and other media, the *Times* has become a particularly acquisitive conglomerate. The New York newspaper accounted for 80 per cent of the parent company's total earnings in 1970, just after going public, and accounts for only 60 per cent today. *Family Circle*, acquired in 1971, yields a 33 per cent return on the original investment. A string of 11 Southern news-

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papers, swallowed up by the *New York Times*, showed pre-tax profit margins averaging a whopping 26.6 per cent in the first half of this year. That is several times larger than the current profit margins of either the oil or automobile industries. The entire *New York Times* conglomerate earned a 14 per cent return on equity last year—well above the return of such favorite media targets as ITT, U.S. Steel, or Occidental Petroleum. In the year before, only two major oil companies earned as high a return as the *Times*. In the first quarter of this year, *New York Times* profits rose another 20 per cent.

The *Times* recently announced a 33 per cent price increase within the metropolitan area, where it faces the least competition. This is on top of an increase in the price of Sunday and suburban editions only last February. Naturally, the increase was vaguely defended as due to rising costs. Since costs tend to rise in proportion to the ease of passing them along, it is more revealing that *Times* officials also alluded to the fact that other local newspapers had recently hiked their prices by exactly the same amount, and that the results of last year's price increase indicated that "the impact of the coming increase on circulation would be minimal." In other words, they are charging what the market will bear, and this was probably in the back of everyone's mind when the *Times* signed another generous contract with the printers last month.

Though the *Times* itself (as opposed to its subsidiaries) may be a hardship case, this is mainly due to years of obsolete procedures and capitulations to union power. This has been amply documented in an article in the May 6 issue of *New York* Magazine and in "The Myth of Newspaper Poverty" in *The Columbia Journalism Review*, March/April 1973. One can scarcely imagine the *Times* editorializing that an increase in the price of Pontiacs would be justified if the divison were suffering losses while GM as a whole was not. Yet this is apparently analogous to the situation of the *New York Times* itself, as opposed to the parent company.

Whatever one thinks of jawboning, it clearly makes little sense to concentrate on the auto and gasoline industries, whose prices have risen 55 and 65 per cent respectively over the last six years, while totally ignoring a newspaper whose price rose 100 per cent in only four years. Nor does it make sense to ask General Motors, whose profit margin in the first half was a pathetic 2.8 per cent, to absorb the cost of seat belt nuisances while allowing the more profitable *New York Times* to pass on the costs of playing footsy with a union which has conveniently eliminated most of the *Times*' competitors.

In the same issue in which the *Times* announced its price boost, the editors challenged the "toothless and shrunken" Council on Wage and Price Stability. Here we have a monolithic conglomerate literally begging for a price rollback. If the new jawboning council does nothing else (which would be a good idea), it should at least accommodate this one request.

Sikkim Succumbs

It wasn't like Alaska
  Petitioning to join,
Or Britain's Act of Union with
  James I upon the coin.
The circumstances differ;
  It's really more like Prague.
Indira grabbed the place because
  The lady is a hog.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Cuban Connection

The Cuba question is hotting up. Colombia, Costa Rica, and Venezuela have submitted a formal proposal that the Organization of American States should lift the political and economic embargo that the OAS imposed on Castro's Cuba a decade ago. This proposal will come before the next meeting of the OAS foreign ministers, which starts in Quito, Ecuador, on November 11. Argentina, Mexico, Panama, Peru, Jamaica, Barbados, and Trinidad-Tobago have either already dropped sanctions (Mexico never did enforce them) or decided they will do so unilaterally. Several other OAS members are believed ready to go along. The U.S. apart, only Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, and Paraguay continue to resist the current trend. This means that the two-thirds vote required for an OAS decision on a matter of this sort will probably emerge.

As President, Richard Nixon maintained the hard line of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson toward Cuba. It is generally believed that this attitude of his was reinforced by his friend, Bebe Rebozo, who is close to the large Cuban community in Florida. The Ford Administration is said to have initiated a general review of our Cuban policy, preparatory to a decision about the developments within OAS. However, it has been fairly clear for some while that the U.S. will play a rather passive role, and will not try to dissuade other OAS members from voting for an end to the sanctions. In the present mood of the continents, this seems sensible, but it does not follow that we should automatically revise our own relationship to the Castro regime. Even if there is a two-thirds majority against the sanctions, our OAS representative should urge that each member government determine whether and when and how it will alter its own relationship with Havana—which is the way it would go in any event, whatever the theoretical OAS rule.

Two considerations argue against a hasty change on our part. First, there is the continuing opposition of four important South American nations, and in particular of Brazil, by far the most important. It takes a lot of Jamaicas, Barbadoses, and Trinidad-Tobagos to counterbalance Brazil. And second, it would surely be prudent, for once, to make a two-way deal with a Communist government. Castro's Cuba has much to gain

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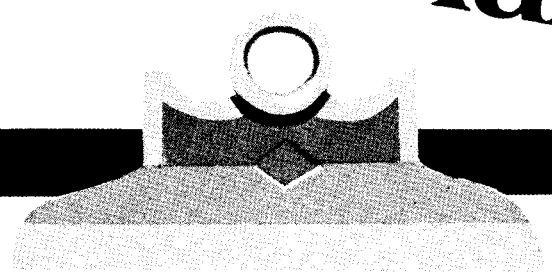

No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) problems as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the concerns of a new President. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

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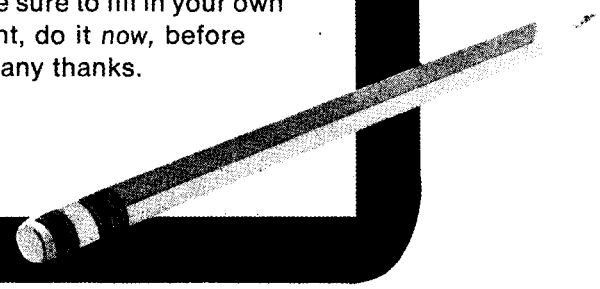

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from recognition by the U.S. and the renewed economic and other relations it would bring. What are we going to get—in trade, freedom of movement for persons and ideas, guarantees against Soviet military use of Cuban territory and waters and against subversion, and in compensation for confiscated U.S. companies?

Abortion as a Voting Issue

Now that Congress can turn its attention to matters other than Richard Nixon, opponents of abortion plan to make a major effort during the next session. According to J. P. McFadden, chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee in Defense of Life, a professionally staffed operation will be set up in Washington to provide congressmen with a flow of information on this issue—position papers, research, poll results, and detailed analyses of proposed legislation. The goal is to make abortion a visible and a "voting" issue. According to McFadden "this is the kind of thing that must be done if we are serious about getting a Human Life Amendment—or any other effective antiabortion legislation—passed by Congress."

Encouraging to opponents of abortion is the fact that President Gerald Ford is personally opposed to abortion in most circumstances, despite his nomination of the permissivist Rockefeller. Ford himself favors a constitutional amendment overturning the 1973 Supreme Court decision and restoring to the states the power to regulate abortion. Opponents of abortion, therefore, feel that they can count on at least neutrality from the White House.

After the good news . . . more good news. The Human Life Foundation, Inc. has also been set up and received tax-deductible status. It will conduct educational and other long range programs, and will publicize the alternatives to abortion. Interested persons can write to P.O. Box 574, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016. Among those committed to this struggle, morale is now high.

Opportunity for Trudeau

As the new Parliament convenes in Canada, it becomes apparent that Pierre Trudeau's freedom of legislative action is unique among Western leaders. Not only does he command a solid majority, but his opposition is enfeebled.

Three-time loser Robert Stanfield stays on as Tory leader after declaring his intention to step down when circumstances warrant; the deeply divided Tories are grateful because there is no one in sight to replace him. The defeat of David Lewis left the socialist NDP in disarray, with caretaker leader Ed Broadbent chosen to fill in until a party convention next year. Social Credit is so reduced that it no longer qualifies as a recognized political party in the House.

Trudeau has given no indication that he will display a Ford-like vigor to take advantage of an unexpected opportunity. Hopes for moderation of his harsh taxes on resource industries fade as the government shows no willingness to cut back on its bloated spending. The new Cabinet is only modestly changed from its predecessor, as key ministers Turner (Finance), Lalonde (Health & Welfare), and Richardson (Defense) kept their portfolios. Big surprise was the appointment of Allan MacEachen to External Affairs; nothing in MacEachen's background suggests expertness in foreign policy, so it seems likely that Trudeau will concentrate on domestic concerns—particularly the talk of separatism in Quebec and the West—and let Canada show an even lower profile internationally. As long as the Canadian economy continues to outperform other Western economies, there will be little real pressure on Trudeau to change his ways.

Trudeau has frequently revealed his desire for a place in history as the rebuilder of his nation at a time when the mortar holding it together was beginning to crumble. What remains unclear is the kind of nation he wishes to build—socialist or free. His zigzag career makes predictions difficult. With his final term in office just commencing, and as unchallenged master in his House, the shape of Trudeau's ambitions should soon become obvious.

Arranging Priorities

The *Times* is beginning to whine;
Apparently Cronkite's appalled.
Before they get Ford to resign,
They'd better get Rocky installed.

W. H. von Dreele

Kryukov's Revenge

Despite the acknowledged merit of *The Quiet Don*, Mikhail Sholokhov's reception of the 1965 Nobel Prize for literature was widely seen as a sop to the Soviet Union, the Swedish Academy's attempt to demonstrate that its 1959 award to Boris Pasternak had not been an anti-Soviet act. The result was to confer on Sholokhov a prestige that served him and the Kremlin well when he denounced Solzhenitsyn: if the world took Solzhenitsyn's side, Sholokhov's authority was such that the Soviet case seemed, if not right, at least not absolutely indefensible. Artists of great stature might, it seemed, take either side in this terrific struggle.

Now Solzhenitsyn has thrown his own authority onto the scales in an old and submerged controversy: did Sholokhov really write *The Quiet Don*? Solzhenitsyn says no—that Sholokhov in fact plagiarized the work

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The Perfect Choice

As Alka Seltzer is to fizz;
As Burton used to be to Liz;
As B B is to D & O
As half a gallon was to Poe;
As ham or bacon go with eggs;
As Grable went with both her legs,
J. William Fulbright really goes
With Britain and her social woes.

W. H. VON DREELE

of a Cossack writer named Fyodor Kryukov, who died in 1920. The decisive evidence—the original manuscript —has unfortunately, though probably not accidentally, vanished; but Solzhenitsyn has appealed to Western scholars to scrutinize the text as it exists in the light of many improbabilities. It is hard to believe, for example, that Sholokhov, a boy of 14 when the First World War ended, should have described it so authentically as does the work that is putatively his—but then genius is always hard to believe. More broadly, it is remarkable that Sholokhov, under whose name *The Quiet Don* began to appear when he was only 23, has never since then approached its mature power. Solzhenitsyn believes that Sholokhov's principal "contribution" to the work was the hack introduction of Bolshevik characters whose propagandistic speeches demean its general quality, but may have satisfied the censors.

If Solzhenitsyn is proved right, the Soviet Union stands to suffer in the eyes of those who still view its totalitarian presence with quasi-pluralistic tolerance. However reconcilable art and tyranny may be in theory, their practical incompatibility has been exemplified again and again: Pasternak, Shostakovich, Mandelstam, Eisenstein, Ehrenburg, Sergei Yesenin, and Solzhenitsyn himself have variously shown it. It would be a crushing irony to see the most conspicuous exception exposed as a contemptible instance of the rule.

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: Priscilla, Dan, Elsie, Barbara
CC: Library of Congress, Pope Paul, L. Brezhnev
FROM: WFB
RE: The Cover of *NR*, Sept. 13.

We all know, here at the shop, something that our readers have no reason to know. Namely, that the formation of the cover of NATIONAL REVIEW is done in two entirely distinct editorial transactions. At the first, which happens two weeks before we go to press, we commit the cover except for the northeast corner. That we are permitted by the printers to supply two days before going to press.

On the cover in question, we feature an article by "WM. F. BUCKLEY JR." Okay. But then, on the corner, we feature another article—by "WM. F. BUCKLEY JR." Making me, I am morally certain, the only writer in the history of journalism whose name appears twice on the same cover of one magazine. Now this would be astonishing under any circumstances. Given that my name also appears inside as editor in chief, it is appalling. I know, I know, in selecting the last-minute title, the relevant editor forgot about the cover that had been set up a fortnight earlier. The result however has given me great mortification, inasmuch as it might suggest to our readers a certain immodesty in your editor in chief WHICH YOU KNOW FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE TO BE UNTRUE!! Kindly repent, and prevent recurrence.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since yours is only the second magazine in forty years to ask me why I have allowed my subscription to lapse, it is a peculiar pleasure to answer, at a perhaps tedious length.

When I first subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW more than ten years ago, it represented, at least to me, a positive, constructive conservatism, and since my politics, along with my ethics and aesthetics, are generally considered very conservative, it pleased me to have a national publication that strengthened and informed my beliefs. During the Goldwater candidacy and for several years thereafter, your policy remained essentially the same, critical of events foreign and domestic, yet offering alternatives and correctives within the framework of the world that exists. More recently, however, your policies seem to me almost wholly nihilistic, and the few articles that offer positive programs work on the assumptions that the year is 1925 and that the American public has not been substantially if unfortunately altered in these past decades. My own conservatism, being neither optimistic nor pessimistic, stops just short of suicide, and if I might wish that the world were different, I am resigned to operate, for the moment, with what is, rather than to play games with what might have been.

Then there is your handling of Watergate and the Nixon Administration generally. After an initial gesture toward objectivity your magazine has settled into a posture virtually identical with that of the most objectionable and least objective commentators, to my considerable dissatisfaction. There is, in my opinion, very little that may be said in favor of that Administration's domestic or foreign policies during the past several years, and were it not for the alternatives offered in the last general election I would probably not have voted for Mr. Nixon; but still, as far as Watergate goes, there has been little inflammable substance to account for the heat that has been artificially engendered.

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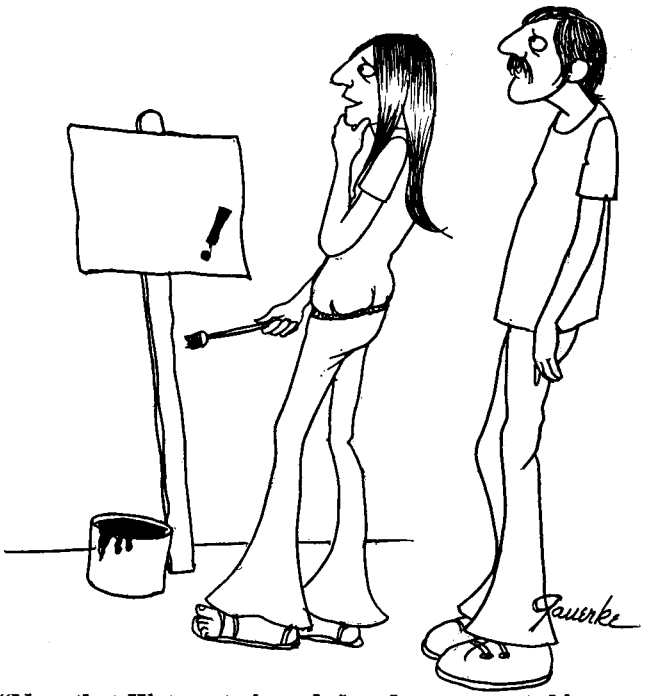
And finally, if least importantly, there is the matter of the writing. For some years NATIONAL REVIEW maintained an attractive balance between the heavily pedantic and the lightly colloquial, but recently the pedantry has turned leaden and the lightness become mannered rather than mannerly. My particular objection is directed toward the use of such words as apopemptic, epideictic, meiotic, and velleities. Much may be said for the extension of popular vocabulary, and I like to consider myself reasonably well educated, with an AB from Princeton, a PhD in classical philology, from Harvard, and six years as an instructor at Yale (quite beside the point: while I was an instructor in the course known as English 76 or Daily Themes, William F. Buckley was enrolled as a member of the course), and I imagine that I understand these words and their like without recourse to the OED. Were they to occur in Dr. Johnson or Mr. Burke or Mr. Eliot, they would seem an intrinsic part of a splendid linguistic texture; but scattered, however sparingly in contemporary journalistic jargon, they seem self-conscious and pretentious, attracting attention to themselves rather than to the ideas they would elucidate. And I am often left with the impression that the word has been, somehow, improperly used. Apopemptic is not synonymous with valedictory, nor epideictic with exemplary. These are fine words, with nice, precise connotations that defy definition. (Prufrock and velleities are inseparable; the coarse-grained LBJ and velleities? To quote the late Mr. Auden in quite a different connection: "It might be so. Is it likely? No.")

No matter. If life without NATIONAL REVIEW proves intolerable, I shall no doubt rediscover it, its faults all burnt away, its virtues all renewed and refurbished. Meanwhile, all best wishes.

Very sincerely yours,
John F. Carspecken
Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Mr. Carspecken:

You were awfully kind to take so much trouble to answer our routine letter. I fear that for reasons perhaps neither of us fully discerns, you are, I hope only temporarily, out of phase with *NR*. After all, it is terribly easy to defend ourselves on the concrete points you raise. The first is that never ever has *NR* been so prodigiously and resiliently reform-minded (I am sending you, with my compliments, my most recent book, *Four Reforms*). Re Nixon, it seems to me that with the exception of our Washington correspondent, who happened to believe Nixon to be guilty all along, we did a rather nice balancing of the evidence (it was I who first suggested a vote of censure in lieu of impeachment). And as regards the unusual words, I am put off only by epideictic, which I do not use—that one came in from a correspondent. Apopemptic is a very nice word, sparingly used, and though it can be different from valedictory, it is not necessarily different. As for velleity, I confess I could not live a day without it, and applied to LBJ, why, it does the work of ten strong men. I am saddened that I do not in fact place you from Daily Themes. Professors Nangle and Sewell I remember well, and Bill Coley, who grew up with my brother. Were you one of the sadists in the back rooms who corrected my themes? . . . I do hope we'll see you back, and that you will enjoy, though not completely, your sabbatical. Yours cordially, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.



"Now that Watergate is ended and we can get this country moving again, I can't think of a thing."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

What's all this I hear about your pronouncing "heinous" "henus" on that recent *Firing Line* session with Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward? Cordially,
Henry M. Teichert
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Mr. Teichert: See page 1050, Webster's Third, where, following the "sometimes," you will find authorized my pronunciation of the word. "Sometimes" includes its use on *Firing Line*. Yours cordially,
—WFB

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GEORGE FIORENZA

DEAR MR. FIORENZA: GRANDMOTHER, POP, UNCLE JIMMY, AUNT PITTS, MR. RUSHER, AUNT JANE ALL OUT FOR DINNER. CAN IT WAIT? REGARDS CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY **—WFB**

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Muffins

Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

As one who likes English muffins, I was pleased to note that Mr. Ford does too. And it was fun seeing him toast them and butter them and eat them, in living color, on the evening news, on all three networks. OK. Now that we've seen him make breakfast, what's next? Don't ask. If a television reporter gets it into his head that he would like some film footage of the 38th President in his presidential shower, it shall be done. A "photo opportunity" (for nostalgia buffs, that is Zieglerese for "picture") will be arranged. That is the way the White House press office operates under press secretary Jerry terHorst.

Make that "operated." But we'll come to that in due time.

No one really minded that the muffin "news" story (carried on the major networks and watched by we assume a score or so million Americans, all enthralled) was a fake. (Mrs. Ford had already spilled the beans: Mr. Ford is so pleased with the White House service that he no longer makes his own breakfast: he just plunks himself down at the table and lets the platoons of servants do their thing.) The point about the Ford White House is that it is even honest about when it is faking. That accounts for the extraordinary good will that has prevailed in Washington since Mr. Ford took charge.

Of course another reason for the good will is that until that Sunday morning when Mr. Ford pardoned Mr. Nixon, Mr. Ford had governed for a month without making any major, tough policy decisions. Until that point his most significant decisions had concerned White House personnel changes. And the most significant and generally applauded of these changes was the first—the replacement of Ronald Ziegler with Mr. terHorst as press secretary.

Mr. terHorst has been universally liked and admired as Washington bureau chief of the *Detroit News*. Just as Mr. Ziegler became the symbol of Mr. Nixon's brand of government, Mr. terHorst, and the remarkably open and cooperative press operation he ran, quickly became the symbol of the real change in post-Nixon Washington. Indeed, one of the great moments in modern world history occurred during Mr. terHorst's second day on the job. While answering newsmen's questions in the White House press room, he was asked a question and he did not know the answer to it. His answer: "I don't know." The assembled newsmen stood for a moment in stunned silence, and then broke into applause.

Mr. terHorst resigned quickly and without fuss or fanfare when Mr. Ford pardoned Mr. Nixon for any crimes he, Mr. Nixon, might have committed in five and a half years in office.

Even if this pardon had not caused Mr. terHorst to resign, it was bound to cause a ruckus. It was Mr. Ford's first major, tough policy decision, and his handling of it was clumsy. He pardoned Mr. Nixon without suggesting, or getting Mr. Nixon to admit, that he, Mr. Nixon, had done something that called for a pardon. (Mr. Nixon, in his statement about the pardon, said that he regretted something. He said he regretted not acting "decisively" in response to the Watergate break-in. The June 23, 1972 tape—the one that finished him off—demonstrates that he acted decisively to organize the cover-up.) Mr. Ford said, implausibly, that he had to pardon Mr. Nixon now because (among other reasons) a trial would threaten the "domestic tranquility" of the nation.

Mr. Ford could have pardoned Mr. Nixon at the point when most executive pardons are granted—after prosecution but before punishment is imposed. To have done so would have allowed a trial to provide a judicial determination of Mr. Nixon's claim that he did no significant wrong. But by pardoning Mr. Nixon now, before he has even been formally charged (the outrage of the Watergate grand jury about the pardon makes it clear that Mr. Nixon would have been indicted) means that there will not be such a determination. And the pardon, coming when it did, provoked dark suspicions that the pardon was granted now in order to prevent the record from being made.

In any case, although honorable persons disagree about the correctness of what Mr. Ford did, and about his motives for doing it, everyone agrees that the pardon has killed the honeymoon period Mr. Ford has been enjoying. Democrats feel a new buoyancy: they suspect that Mr. Ford can not make the tough decisions without fumbling.

And that brings us to an important matter, the one Mr. Ford calls "public enemy number one"—inflation. All he has done about "public enemy number one" so far is to solicit the advice of a slew of economists, as part of the ongoing economic "summit." Speaking of the first gathering of economists, former Treasury Secretary George Shultz said that you could put all the opinions expressed at the meeting "under a hat," meaning that there was a lot of unanimity. He was right—sort of. You could put most of the differences of *economic* opinion under a hat. Well, under a sombrero. But economists—especially when gathered in groups of three or larger—do not talk much economics. They talk politics, incessantly. Any economist advocating any public policy—lower (or higher) taxes, interest rates or federal spending—is arguing his political preferences, views about how justice should be served.

Two hundred years ago, when Adam Smith and a few kindred spirits sat down in Edinburgh at a "summit" of their own over tea and hot buttered scones (a kind of muffin; Mr. Ford would have enjoyed that summit too) and invented what we call, quaintly, the "science" of economics, Mr. Smith and friends had the good sense candidly to call their subject "political economy." Mr. Ford, one tough decision behind him, has a lot of tough decisions ahead of him in his role as Chief Political Economist of the Free World. These decisions will answer the as yet unanswered questions about Mr. Ford: How is he going to do over the long haul? And how long will the haul be? □

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The Chilean Lessons

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

DURING ITS THREE stormy years Chile's Allende regime was often described as "a decisive test case," though there was some confusion about what precisely was being tested.

Salvador Allende Gossens was a professed "revolutionary Marxist." His avowed objective was the revolutionary transformation of his nation according to the Marxist prescription: the elimination of private property in the means of production—mines, factories, transport, banks, land holdings of any size, etc. He sometimes declared himself to be a "Communist," but he was not an avowed member of the Communist Party, and his exact relation to the Party is a matter of dispute. In economic and social policy, Allende was well to the left of social democracy, but he nevertheless insisted that he was a democrat, and that he aimed to bring about the Marxist revolution through the democratic process.

Allende was chosen president in 1970 by a process that was peaceful and in accord with Chile's constitution, though flawed from the standpoint of democratic legitimacy by the fact that he had won only 34 per cent of the popular vote. His government was based politically on a "popular union" of his own small revolutionary socialist party, the official (Moscow) Communist Party, the leftist faction of the Christian Democrats and fringe groups. This coalition failed to win a majority in the 1972 legislative election.

The Communist Frame

What the Allende episode was testing, according to the non-Communist formulation, was whether a nation could and would shift to a Marxist system by peaceful, democratic means. The meaning of "Marxist" was left vague. Presumably it meant something beyond the welfarist mixed socialism that is endemic in our day.

Insofar as the episode was a test, the answer it supplied was no, but the test was blurred. Allende's democratic credentials were never in complete order. From almost the day he took office, there was extralegal violence: beginning with the factory, office, and land seizures by left extremists, later spreading to antirevolutionary elements of the population, and culminating in the counterrevolutionary coup of the military junta.

The Communists formulate their analysis within a different framework. Their fixed long term objective is the conquest of a monopoly of power. A coalition government is an advanced form of "united front." Communists enter an electoral or governmental coalition, or any other united front, as a maneuver in their struggle for power. Participation in the united front gives them a favorable position from which to undermine the bourgeois social and political structure, to combat anti-Communist parties and leaders, and to gain access to the followers of their partners (i.e., victims) in the front.

For the Communists, the Allende government was a transitional, prerevolutionary political formation on the Communist road to power. The democratic trappings were only incidental, and violence somewhere along the line was taken for granted. If the Communists did not themselves initiate violence, their doctrine—which the Chilean evidence gives them no reason to revise—teaches that the ruling class never gives up peacefully. From their standpoint, things turned out badly in Chile, at least for the time being: the transition ended with the counterrevolution instead of the revolution in the saddle. What went wrong?

This past summer the Soviet press, *World Marxist Review*, and other Communist theoretical journals have been publishing articles on the Chilean episode by Soviet leaders—among them Boris Ponomarev and N. Kudachkin (both with special responsibilities for Communist parties in non-Communist countries) and the theoretician A. Sobolev—thus emphasizing the importance of Chile for international Communist strategy.

According to the approved analysis, the following are among the major factors that led to the Communist setback in Chile:

1. The counterrevolutionary press was not quickly enough muzzled. Chile's influential conservative paper, *El Mercurio*, is cited for its role in wrecking the Allende regime.

2. The Allende government moved too slowly on both the political and economic fronts, thus giving the counterrevolution time to prepare its forces.

3. The Chilean Communists failed to push Allende into speedy nationalization of private business without compensation.

4. The Chilean Communists did not go far and fast enough in creating grass roots organizations of workers and peasants (i.e., soviets) under Communist control which could act as an extralegal power apparatus.

5. The adventurous and disorganized seizures of farms and some factories by ultraleft Maoists and Trotskyists antagonized potential sympathizers and aroused the reactionary elements.

6. Communist penetration of the armed forces, though considerable, was not sufficient to deter the coup by the higher military echelons.

Two, Three, Many Chiles

The analysis is thus not theoretical but strategic and tactical. Local Communists are being told to revise their manuals for dealing with a Chile-type situation if it arises or can be made to arise in their country. The message is marked Urgent, since the Communist leaders see two, three, many Chiles looming on the near historical horizon. One, in fact, is already in motion in Portugal, and there the lessons drawn from Chile are being put to vigorous use. Only one Portuguese newspaper still remains out of Communist or allied leftist control; Communist infiltration of the armed forces has gone deeper than it ever achieved in Chile, and the Communists have virtually no organized opposition in their penetration of the trade unions. Spain and Greece are on the candidate list. The early September demand of the Italian Communist Party to be included in the governmental coalition was an attempt to swing Italy onto the Chilean road. Even France, where this spring the presidential candidate of the united front lost by only a percentage point, is among the possibles. □

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THE PARADOX

The author wonders why the government is assumed competent to regulate corn flakes but not editorials. And why consumers are assumed to need protection in one field but not the other

The Market for Ideas

R. H. COASE

THE NORMAL TREATMENT of governmental regulation of markets makes a sharp distinction between the ordinary market for goods and services and the activities covered by the First Amendment, the exercise of religious beliefs, speech, and writing, which I call, for brevity, "the market for ideas." The phrase, "the market for ideas," does not very exactly describe the boundaries of the area to which the First Amendment has been applied. Indeed, these boundaries do not seem to have been very clearly drawn. But there can be little doubt that the market for ideas, the expression of opinion in speech and writing and similar activities, is at the center of the activities protected by the First Amendment and it is with these activities that discussion of the First Amendment has been largely concerned.

The arguments that I will be considering long antedate the passage of the First Amendment (which obviously incorporated views already held) and there is some danger for economists, although not necessarily for American lawyers, in confining our discussion to the First Amendment rather than considering the general problem of which it is a part. The danger is that our discussion will tend to concentrate on American court opinions, and particularly those of the Supreme Court, and that, as a result, we will be led to adopt the approach to the regulation of markets found congenial by the courts, rather than one developed by economists, a procedure which has already gone a long way toward ruining public utility economics and has done much harm to economic discussion of monopoly problems generally. This approach is confining in another way, since concentration on issues within the context of the American Constitution makes it more difficult to draw on the experience and thought of the rest of the world.

What is the general view that I will be examining? It is that in the market for goods government regulation is desirable, whereas in the market for ideas government regulation is undesirable and should be strictly limited. In the market for goods, the government is commonly regarded as competent to regulate and as properly motivated. Consumers lack the ability to make the appropriate choices. Producers often exercise monopolistic power and, in any case, without some form of government intervention, would not act in a way which promotes the public interest. In the market for ideas, the position is very different. The government, if it attempted to regulate, would be inefficient and its motives would, in general, be bad, so that, even if it were successful in achieving what it wanted to accomplish, the results would be undesirable. And here consumers, if left free, exercise a fine discrimination in choosing between the alternative views placed before them, while producers, whether economically powerful or weak, who are found to be so unscrupulous in their behavior in other markets, can be trusted to act in the public interest, whether they publish or work for the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, or CBS. Politicians, whose actions sometimes pain us, are in their utterances beyond reproach. It is an odd feature of this attitude that commercial advertising, which is often merely an expression of opinion and might therefore be thought to be protected by the First Amendment, is considered to be part of the market for goods. The result is that government action is regarded as desirable to regulate (or even suppress) the expression of an opinion when it appears in an advertisement, which, if expressed in a book or article, would be completely beyond the reach of government regulation.

Laissez-faire

This ambivalence toward the role of government in the market for goods and the market for ideas has not usually been attacked except by those on the extreme right or left, that is, by fascists or Communists. The Western world, by and large, accepts the distinction and the policy recommendations that go with it. The peculiarity of the situation has not, however, gone unnoticed and I would like to draw attention to a powerful article by Professor Aaron Director entitled, "The Parity of the Economic Market Place," in the *Journal of Law and Economics*. Professor Director quotes a very strong statement by Justice Douglas in a Supreme Court opinion, a statement which is no doubt intended as an interpretation of the First Amendment, but which obviously embodies a point of view not dependent on constitutional considerations. Justice Douglas said "free speech, free press, free exercise of religion are placed separate and apart; they are above and beyond the police power; they are not subject to regulation in the manner of factories, slums, apartment houses, production of oil, and the like." Professor Director remarks of the attachment

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Mr. Coase is editor of the Journal of Law and Economics.

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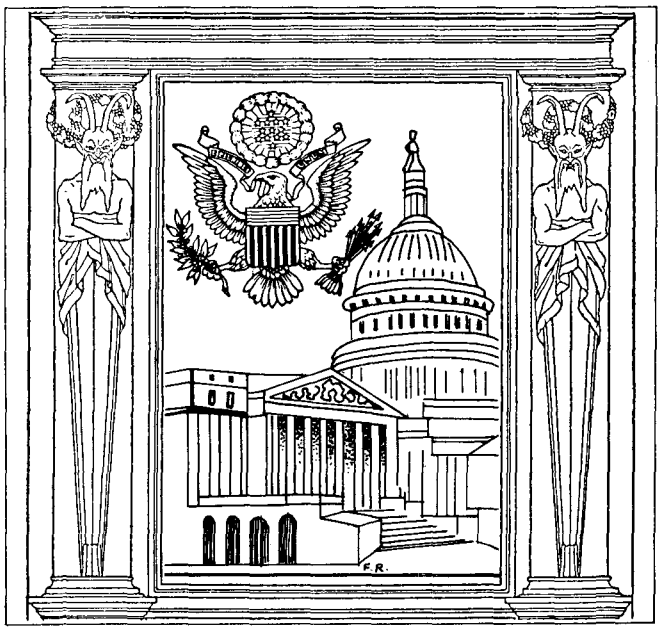

to free speech that it is "the only area where laissez-faire is still respectable."

Why should this be so? In part this may be due to the fact that belief in a free market in ideas does not have the same roots as belief in the value of free trade in goods. To quote Professor Director again: "The free market as a desirable method of organizing the intellectual life of the community was urged long before it was advocated as a desirable method of organizing its economic life. The advantage of free exchange of ideas was recognized before that of the voluntary exchange of goods and services in competitive markets." In recent years, particularly I think in America, this view of the peculiar status of the market for ideas has been nourished by a commitment to democracy as exemplified in the political institutions of the United States, for whose efficient working a market in ideas not subject to government regulation is considered essential. This opens a large subject on which I will avoid comment. Suffice it to say that, in practice, the results actually achieved by this particular political system suggest that there is a good deal of "market failure."

The Paradox

Because of the view that a free market in ideas is necessary to the maintenance of democratic institutions and, I believe, for other reasons also, intellectuals have shown a tendency to exalt the market for ideas and to depreciate the market for goods. Such an attitude seems to be unjustified. As Professor Director said, "the bulk of mankind will for the foreseeable future have to devote a considerable fraction of their active lives to economic activity. For these people freedom of choice as owners of resources in choosing, within available and continually changing opportunities, areas of employment, investment, and consumption is fully as important as freedom of discussion and participation in government." I have no doubt that this is right. For most people in most countries (and perhaps in all countries), the provision of food, clothing, and shelter is a good deal more important than the provision of the "right ideas," even assuming that we know what they are.

But leaving aside the question of the relative importance of the two markets, the difference in view about the role of government in these two markets is really quite extraordinary and demands an explanation. It is not enough merely to say that the government should be excluded from a sphere of activity because it is vital to the functioning of our society. Even in markets which are mainly of concern to the lower orders it would not seem desirable to reduce the efficiency with which they work. The paradox is that government intervention, which is so harmful in the one sphere, becomes beneficial in the other. The paradox is made even more striking when we note that at the present time it is usually those who press most strongly for an extension of government regulation in other markets who are most anxious for a vigorous enforcement of the First Amendment prohibitions on government regulation in the market for ideas.

The Explanation

What is the explanation for the paradox? Professor Director's gentle nature does not allow him to do more than hint at it: "A superficial explanation for the preference for free speech among intellectuals runs in terms of vertical interests. Everyone tends to magnify the importance of his own occupation and to minimize that of his neighbor. Intellectuals are engaged in the pursuit of truth, while others are merely engaged in earning a livelihood. One follows a profession, usually a learned one, while the other follows a trade or a business." I would put the point more bluntly. The market for ideas is the market in which the intellectual conducts his trade. The explanation of the paradox is self-interest and self-esteem. Self-esteem leads the intellectuals to magnify the importance of their own market. That others should be regulated seems natural, particularly as many of the intellectuals see themselves as doing the regulating. But self-interest combines with self-esteem to ensure that while others are regulated, that regulation should not apply to themselves. And so it is possible to live with these contradictory views about the role of government in these two markets. It is the conclusion that matters. It may not be a nice explanation but I can think of no other for this strange situation.

That this is the main explanation for the dominance of the view that the market for ideas is sacrosanct is certainly supported if we examine the actions of the press. The press is, of course, the most stalwart defender of the doctrine of freedom of the press, an act of public service to the performance of which it has been led, as it were, by an invisible hand. If we examine the actions and views of the press, they are consistent in only one respect: they are always consistent with the self-interest of the press. Consider their argument that the press should not be forced to reveal the sources of its published material. This is termed a defense of the public's right to know—which is interpreted to mean that the public has no right to know the source of material published by the press. To desire to know the source of a story is not idle curiosity. It is difficult to know how much credence to give to information or to check on its accuracy if one is ignorant of the source. The academic tradition, in which one discloses to the greatest extent possible the sources on which one relies and thus exposes them to the scrutiny of one's colleagues, seems to me to be sound

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and an essential element in the search for truth. Of course, the counterargument of the press is not without validity. It is argued that some people would not express their opinions honestly if it became known that they really held these opinions. But this argument applies equally to all expressions of views, whether in government, business, or private life, where confidentiality is necessary for frankness. However, this consideration has commonly not deterred the press from revealing such confidences when it was in their interest to do so. Of course it would also impede the flow of information to reveal the sources of the material published in cases in which the transmission of the information involved a breach of trust or even the stealing of documents. To accept material in such circumstances is not consistent with the high moral standards and scrupulous observance of the law which the press expects of others. It is hard for me to believe that the main thing wrong with the Watergate affair was that it was not organized by the *New York Times*. I would not wish to argue that there are not conflicting considerations in all these cases which are difficult to evaluate. My point is that the press does not find them difficult to evaluate.

Consider another example which is in many ways more striking: the attitude of the press to government regulation of broadcasting. Broadcasting is an important source of news and information; it comes within the purview of the First Amendment. Yet the program content of a broadcasting station is subject to government regulation. One might have thought that the press, devoted to the strict enforcement of the First Amendment, would have been constantly attacking this abridgment of the right of free speech and expression. But, in fact, it has not. In the 45 years which have passed since the formation of the Federal Radio Commission (now transformed into the Federal Communications Commission), very few doubts about the policy have been expressed in the press. The press, which is so anxious to remain unshackled by government regulation, has never exerted itself to secure a similar freedom for the broadcasting industry.

Lest you think that I manifest a hostility to the American press, I would like to point out that the British press has acted in a similar fashion. In this case the contrast between actions and proclaimed beliefs is even stronger, since what was established in Britain was a government-controlled monopoly of a source of news and information. It might have been thought that this affront to the doctrine of freedom of the press would have appalled the British press. It did not. They supported the broadcasting monopoly, mainly, as far as I can see, because they saw the alternative to the BBC as commercial broadcasting and therefore as involving increased competition for advertising revenue. But if the press did not want competition for advertising revenue, they also did not want increased competition in the supply of news. And so they did their best to throttle the BBC, at least as a purveyor of news and information. When the monopoly was originally established (when it was still the British Broadcasting *Company*), the BBC was prohibited from broadcasting news and information unless obtained from certain named news agencies. No news could be broadcast before 7 P.M. in the evening. And there were other restrictions on broadcasts likely to affect adversely the sale of newspapers. Gradually, over the years, these restrictions were relaxed as a result of negotiations between the press and the BBC. But it was not until after the outbreak of World War II that the BBC broadcast a regular news bulletin before 6 P.M. in the evening.

Areopagitica

But, it may be argued, the fact that businessmen are mainly influenced by pecuniary considerations is no great discovery. What else would one expect from the money grubbers of the newspaper world? Furthermore, it may be objected, because a doctrine is propagated by those who benefit from it does not mean that the doctrine is unsound. After all, have not free speech and a free press also been advocated by high-minded scholars, whose beliefs are determined by what is true rather than by more sordid considerations? There has surely never been a more high-minded scholar than John Milton and, as his *Areopagitica* "for the liberty of unlicensed printing" is probably the most celebrated defense of the doctrine of freedom of the press ever written, it seemed to me that it would be worthwhile to examine the nature of his argument for a free press. Milton's work has another advantage for my purpose. Written in 1644, that is, long before 1776, we can see the character of the argument before there was any general understanding of how competitive markets worked and before the emergence of modern views of democracy.

It would be idle for me to pretend that I could act as a guide to Milton's thought. I know too little of seventeenth century England and there is much in Milton's pamphlet the meaning of which I cannot discern. Yet having said that, there are passages which leap across the centuries and for whose interpretation no scholarship is needed.

As one would expect, Milton asserts the primacy of the market for ideas: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties." It is different from the market for goods and should not be treated in the same way: "Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to

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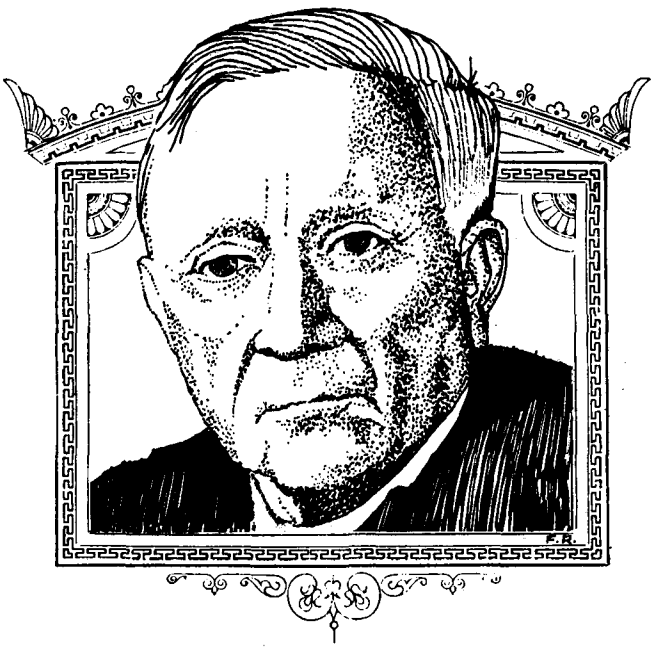

make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks." The licensing of printed material is an affront to learned men and to learning: "When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him. If, in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings . . . to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of bookwriting, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning."

Licensing is also an affront to the common people: "Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser?" In the market for ideas, the right choices are made: "Let [truth] and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?" Those who undertake the job of licensing will be incompetent. A licenser should be, according to Milton, "studious, learned, and judicious." But this is not what we are likely to get: "we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary." The licensers are more likely to suppress truth than falsehood: "if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors . . ." Nor does Milton fail to tell us that the licensing scheme against which he was writing came about as a result of industry pressure: "And how it got the upper hand . . . there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolizers in the trade of bookselling . . ."

In the formation of Milton's views, self-interest may perhaps have played a part but there can be little doubt that his argument embodies a good deal of intellectual pride, of the kind to which Professor Director refers. The writer is a learned man, diligent and trustworthy. The licenser would be ignorant, incompetent, and basely motivated, perhaps "younger" and "inferior in judgment." The common man always chooses truth as against falsehood. The picture is a little too one-sided to be wholly convincing. And if it has been convincing to the intellectual community (and apparently it often has), it is surely because people are easily persuaded that what is good for them is good for the country.

I do not believe that this distinction between the market for goods and the market for ideas is valid. There is no fundamental difference between these two markets and in deciding on public policy with regard to them, we need to take into account the same considerations. In all markets, producers have some reasons for being honest and some for being dishonest; consumers have some information but are not fully informed or even able to digest the information they have; regulators commonly wish to do a good job and though often incompetent and subject to the influence of special interests, they act like this because, like all of us, they are human beings whose strongest motives are not the highest.

The Alternatives

When I say that the same considerations should be taken into account, I do not mean that public policy should be the same in all markets. The special characteristics of each market lead to the same factors' having different weights and the appropriate social arrangements will vary accordingly. It may not be sensible to have the same legal arrangements governing the supply of soap, housing, automobiles, oil, and books. My argument is that we should use the same *approach* for all markets when deciding on public policy. In fact, if we do this, and use for the market for ideas the same approach which has commended itself to economists for the market for goods, it is apparent that the case for government intervention in the market for ideas is much stronger than it is, in general, in the market for goods. For example, economists usually call for government intervention, which may include direct government regulation, when the market does not operate properly, when, that is, there exist what are commonly referred to as neighborhood or spillover effects, or, to use that unfortunate word, "externalities." If we try to imagine the property rights system that would be required and the transactions that would have to be carried out to secure that anyone who propagated an idea or a proposal for reform received the value of the good it produced and had to pay compensation for the harm that resulted, it is easy to see that in practice there is likely to be a good deal of

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"market failure." Situations of this kind usually lead economists to call for extensive government intervention.

Or consider the question of consumer ignorance which is commonly thought to be a justification for government intervention. It is hard to believe that the general public is in a better position to evaluate competing views on economic and social policy than to choose between different kinds of food. Yet there is support for regulation in the one case but not in the other. Or consider the question of fraud, for whose prevention government intervention is the commonly advocated remedy. It would be difficult to deny that newspaper articles and the speeches of politicians contain a large number of false and misleading statements —indeed, sometimes they seem to consist of little else. Government action to control false and misleading advertising is considered highly desirable. Yet a proposal to set up a Federal Press Commission or a Federal Political Commission modeled on the Federal Trade Commission would be dismissed out of hand.

The strong support enjoyed by the First Amendment should not hide from us that there is, in fact, a good deal of government intervention in the market for ideas. I have mentioned broadcasting. But there is also the case of education, which, although it plays a crucial role in the market for ideas, is subject to considerable regulation. One might have thought that those who were so anxious to obstruct government regulation of books and other printed material would also find such regulation in the field of education obnoxious. But, of course, there is a difference. Government regulation of education commonly accompanies government financing and other measures (such as compulsory school attendance) which increase the demand for the services of intellectuals and therefore their incomes. So self-interest, which, in general, would lead to support for a free market in ideas, suggests a different attitude in education.

Nor do I doubt that detailed study would reveal other cases in which groups of practitioners in the market for ideas have supported government regulation and the restriction of competition when it would increase their incomes, just as we find similar behavior in the market for goods. But interest in monopolizing is likely to be less in the market for ideas. A general policy of regulation, by restricting the market, would have the effect of reducing the demand for the services of intellectuals. But more important perhaps is that the public is commonly more interested in the struggle between truth and falsehood than it is in the truth itself. Demand for the services of the writer and speechmaker depends, to a considerable extent, on the existence of controversy—and for controversy to exist, it is necessary that truth should not stand triumphant, and alone.

Whatever one may think of the motives which have led to the general acceptance of the present position, there remains the question of which policies would be, in fact, the most appropriate. This requires us to come to some conclusion about how the government will perform whatever functions are assigned to it. I do not believe that we will be able to form a judgment in which we can have any confidence unless we abandon the present ambivalence about the performance of government in the two markets and adopt a more consistent view. We have to decide whether the government is as incompetent as is generally assumed in the market for ideas, in which case we would want to decrease government intervention in the market for goods, or whether it is as efficient as it is generally assumed to be in the market for goods, in which case we would want to increase the government regulation in the market for ideas. Of course, one could adopt an intermediate position, a government neither as incompetent and base as assumed in the one market nor as efficient and virtuous as assumed in the other, in which case we ought to reduce the amount of government regulation in the market for goods and might want to increase government intervention in the market for ideas. I look forward to learning which of these alternative views will be espoused by my colleagues in the economics profession. □

Judge Sirica and Rex, the Lord of Misrule

Judge Sirica: You are here before this court accused and convicted of every imaginable crime in the book except chicken stealing,
And it is my feeling
That you held back from that ultimate abuse of law
Only because you saw
The way I punish poultry pinching,
Which is worse than treason, murder, felonious assault, embezzlement, contempt of court, and lynching,
Collectively.
Is there anything you wish to say before I see
To it you get what you deserve?
Rex: Judge, you've got some nerve
Implying that I would stoop
So low as to enter a chicken coop
For the purpose of purloining poultry
During Mardi Gras. I mean, I may commit adoultry,
Sodomy, simony, drunkenness, cannibalism, blasphemy, general chaos, whatever.
But high criminal and misdemeanorish chicken cheating, never!
Sirica: Look. This is my court, Rex,
And unless you want a sample of my *lex Talionis*,
Which in layman's terms is known as
Maximum's the Word,
I suggest you forget about the bird
And concentrate on what comes next:
In view of the fact that you are over-sext,
Rowdy, arsonous, anarchic, riotous, and guilty, in general, of actions that undermine and sicken—
But still did not steal a chicken—
I order that you be taken from this Siricarnival to ascertain medically whether
You would be able to tolerate one lash with a wet chicken feather.

—JOHANNES EFF

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THROUGH HISTORY

Inflation: The German Experience

GERALD KREFETZ

DOUBLE-DIGIT INFLATION is a new experience for this generation of Americans. Until now, that sort of annual increase in the cost of living was considered a foreign phenomenon, attributable to incompetent economic planners, military dictators, defective central governments, or loose morals. Today we realize that inflation is not due to loose morals but to loose monetary policies. The first modern country to learn that sad lesson was the Germany of the 1920s. We may not be on the same road, but we are headed in a similar direction.

Just as Lyndon Johnson thought that the United States was rich enough to afford guns and butter when the Vietnam War escalated, the German administration was reluctant to tax the public to anywhere near the extent necessary to fight the First World War. The government assumed the hostilities would be over in a "lightning campaign."

In the first week of the war, in August 1914, the government suspended redemption of bank notes in gold. At the same time, it set up loan banks whose principal purpose was to establish credits for businesses. Credit was extended on collateral that would not ordinarily have met the requirements of the central bank. The loan banks were also charged with selling war bond subscriptions, and these bank notes were immediately introduced into circulation as legal tender. Finally, the Reichsbank was allowed to issue bank notes against only the collateral of short term treasury bills. With the gold cover now gone, there was virtually no legal barrier to massive monetizing of the debt. In other words, very early in the game it was decided to use the printing press rather than the powers of taxation to finance the war.

Money in circulation increased sixfold during the war. War loans raised close to 100 billion marks, but still paid only 60 per cent of the war costs. Since there was little chance to buy consumer goods in wartime Germany, much of the new money was hoarded. The German people were generally unaware of what was happening to the value of their money but exchange markets in neutral countries saw the mark lose approximately half its value during the course of the war.

At first the economic consequences of the war were masked. After the armistice, money came out of hiding and forced prices upward. By January 1920, the wholesale price index was at 12.6 (1914=1), having been only a little more than 2 when the hostilities ceased. Prices stabilized somewhat in 1920 while the rest of Europe was undergoing a recession. During the course of the year the number of marks needed to acquire a dollar improved from 65 to 40. But 1920 was an interlude, the eye of the storm.

The government persisted in following an expansionist policy, though the economy was relatively stable in 1920. It increased the issue of currency by half and nearly doubled the national debt. At this time, the effects of making the reparations imposed by the Versailles Treaty began to be felt. Besides the physical dismemberment (Germany lost 13 per cent of her land and 10 per cent of her people), the nation lost all her overseas colonies and was obliged to give up her merchant marine, a significant portion of her internal fleet, much of her railroad system's rolling stock, plus German investments abroad. The loss of profits from the fleet and overseas investments was catastrophic to Germany's ability to make reparations payments to the Allies. In addition, the Allies initially demanded 269 billion gold marks to be paid in 42 annual installments.

Besides the reparations, the government also had to provide for war victims and try to service the debts on the war loans. Annual government expenditures in the early Twenties were two and three times the government's income. These deficits were "funded" by the printing press.

Throughout 1921 and 1922 the government maintained its policy of unrestricted growth and mandated easy credits to business. During 1922 the Reichsbank's portfolio of commercial paper and bankers' acceptances rose from 1 billion marks to 422 billion marks. Within the course of the year the government had increased its total credits by one-third. Moreover, the interest rate for these credits was kept artificially low—at 5 per cent. As the hyperinflation moved to a blowoff, the discount rate moved up to 30 per cent and finally to 90 per cent. By this time the prevailing interest rates were meaningless, since the inflation rate was between 3,000 and 4,000 per cent in 1922. By mid-1922 it became obvious to the man in the street that something was terribly wrong with the German economic system. The value of money melted away like butter on a hot skillet.

From the exchange rate of 48 marks to the dollar in January 1922, the rate moved to 4,280 a year later. The Reichsbank was an autonomous agency and did not have to print money at the behest of the government. But, as privy councillor Von Grimm remarked: "The Reich had to resort to the Reichsbank if it was to prolong its existence, and because the point at issue was the survival of the Reich, the Reichsbank did not regard itself justified in refusing."

THE GERMAN inflation differs somewhat from our own predicament in that Germany set out to spend itself rich. The government felt that if the four million demobilized German soldiers could not be purposefully employed, Bolshevism would surely be the consequence. And for a while it seemed that the government had indeed succeeded in spending itself rich. On the surface, business seemed to flourish on cheap credits. Businessmen borrowed extensively to purchase raw materials, finance inventories, and especially to acquire other businesses. The marks were virtually free since they were repaid in grossly devalued money. As a result, there was hyperactivity in the basic industries and very little unemployment.

Mr. Krefetz is the author of Death of the Dollar.

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But before long there was an overabundance of machine tools, shops, and heavy equipment. So much energy was devoted to wheeling and dealing and speculating in goods and currency that industrial output was actually less than before the war.

As the inflation progressed, the position of consumers and of labor deteriorated. Consumers and pensioners on relatively fixed incomes had difficulties in purchasing tobacco, beer, food, and clothing, and those industries began to suffer. In 1922, the cost of living started to rise by roughly 20 per cent a month, so that by the end of the year labor's share of the national income was cut by half. Organized labor tried three distinct approaches to the problem of declining purchasing power. First, it tried to relate wages to the official cost of living index, but this index was tardy and too artificial to be of much help. Then it tied wages to the mark's value as determined in the daily exchange rates out of New York. But even this prompt indicator fell behind actual purchases. Finally, in August 1923 wages were based on price levels which were *expected* to rule in the week wages were received.

In some factories, workers were paid three times a week so their wives could buy what little food was available. Farmers stopped sending their food to market, and instead resorted to barter. In the fall of 1923 an egg was selling at 80 billion marks and a loaf of bread for 200 billion marks. Ladies of the night were offering their wares for 6 billion marks and a cigarette. The wholesale price index moved from 75,000 in July 1923 to 750 billion by November 15, 1923. On the same day, the dollar was worth between 2.5 billion marks and 4.2 trillion marks, depending on time, geography, and source of quotation. It was, one observer noted, "the end of money."

TRY AS IT might, the Reichsbank could not keep up with the astronomic demand for money. The public's expectation of still more funny money drove down its value faster than it could conceivably be printed. Some companies and industries printed their own scrip: at the height of the crisis 172 private emergency currencies circulated.

To end the staggering price inflation and concomitant social unrest, the government launched a currency reform by introducing new money—the Rentenmark—on November 15, 1923. One trillion old paper marks were equal to one Rentenmark. Though the new currency had no real backing (ostensibly it was backed by debentures on land and factories), it was issued in strictly limited amounts. The government ended its practice of discounting treasury notes to create more paper money. Eventually, a new Reichsmark was introduced in 1924 with a 30 per cent backing. The combination of a limited currency supply, an end to the Ruhr conflict, a limited and more realistic reparations schedule, and the backing of the new Reichsmark with gold gave Germany a stable currency for the first time in a decade. But more than any other factor it was the limited issue of Rentenmarks that gave the new currency credibility.

Nearly everyone had been a victim of the inflation. Government and industrial bonds, pensions, annuities—all evaporated with depreciated money. Those owning rental properties were deprived of their income when the government froze rents, but if they kept their property throughout the period they came out ahead. Anyone clever enough to exchange money for tangible goods—whether art, antiques, precious metals, or commodities—also preserved much of their capital. An adjusted index of common stocks fell roughly by half from 1918 to the 1923 stabilization. Not a bad performance, all things considered, but not an ideal hedge either. At the stabilization, there were some efforts at restitution to bank depositors on the order of 15 per cent to 30 per cent of the original deposits. All long term debts were revalued and holders of bonds and mortgages received 25 per cent of their original value.

Traditionally, historians have suggested that the expropriation of the middle classes destabilized the class-bound structure of German society. The strongest supporters of a democratic republic became paupers, and thus politically impotent. Towering frustrations, bitterness, and hatred—integral parts of the inflationary process—undermined the citizen's confidence in the economy and, more importantly, in the government. An unstable society is the first to welcome a man on horseback, and it is no coincidence that Hitler's beer hall putsch took place at the very crest of the hyperinflation. Uncontrolled inflation is a deadly social disease. In Germany, it was directly responsible for the fall of the Weimar Republic and the rise of Nazism.

IT IS probably true that "it can't happen here," that we are too sophisticated to drift into a hyperinflation. Still, there are ominous parallels:

► In the early stages of inflation, people are apt to consume less in order to maintain the purchasing power of their savings. When inflation is expected to continue or get worse, however, people rush to unload money before it buys even less. Personal savings are still high in this country, but there are signs that this is changing. Opinion polls show more and more people anxious to buy now to beat the rising prices. Businessmen have been borrowing and accumulating inventories at record levels, despite the slump, to avoid paying higher prices later. This psychology can cause the rate of spending to accelerate, so that each dollar has more inflationary impact than before.

► As Germany once tried to pay its debts to other nations by printing money, so should Western nations, the London *Economist* and others are now suggesting, offset their balance of payments deficits, caused largely by the price of imported oil, by "reflating" demand.

► As German officials were willing to tolerate any level of inflation as the price of spurious "full employment," many politicians and political economists are already suggesting expansionary policies after only the slightest upward wiggle in the unemployment rate.

► Finally, the characteristic though paradoxical complaints of a money "shortage" during hyperinflations—the inability to print money fast enough to keep up with the rise in prices—has its counterpart today in suggestions that the rate of money growth be measured in "real" terms, minus the rate of inflation. The irony of this suggestion is that the "real" money supply fell sharply in all of the worst inflations in history. When people say that money is "tight" these days, they mean that it takes a lot of money to buy things at rising prices—which is just another way of saying that without a lot of money, prices couldn't continue to rise.

There are lessons to be learned from episodes of runaway inflation, and signs that we have not yet learned them. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Fix Mr. Fixit Wilson Is In

COLM BROGAN

BRITISH POLITICS were in "a terrible state of chassis," as O'Casey's Paycock would have put it. Britain was being governed by a minority party. The Socialists had only two more seats than the Tories, having lost one through death and another through the defection of Christopher Mayhew, a former minister, to the Liberals. (Other Socialist MPs were calling him Christopher Mayhem, on account of the trouble he had caused them.) The Socialists scored fewer votes at the last election than the Tories, and the Liberal vote of six million, plus the Welsh and Scottish Nationalists, meant that there were three votes against Harold Wilson to every two for him. Much the same thing would have happened in the United States if Humphrey had scraped home against Nixon, the combined Nixon-Wallace vote being far greater than his own.

With the combined Opposition being able to turn him out any day they chose, Wilson's obvious policy was to pass a few popular measures which were not controversial and then have another election, after a contrived parliamentary defeat, asking the voters to give him a sound majority. If he had done this in June, few doubted that he would have got what he wanted, although of course nobody could any longer have total certainty about anything in politics. All during the last election Heath was confident of victory, and Wilson and his colleagues were even more certain that they would be defeated. They greeted success with huge bewilderment.

The great Liberal vote produced only a handful of seats, but the managers of both big parties were unhappily aware that a quite modest percentage increase in the Liberal popular vote next time round would bring rich dividends in captured constituencies. The two-party system was in great danger.

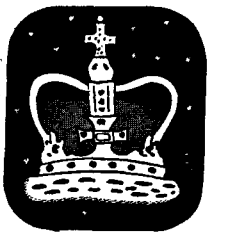
The Nationalist upsurge in Scotland and Wales presented Labor with another grave threat. If Scotland and Wales had separate parliaments, the Labor Party would hardly ever be in power in Westminster. For the last few years it has nearly owned Wales and has had an ever increasing ascendancy in Scotland.

But the result of the last election was a much heavier snub to Heath than to Wilson. He had called the election during the miners' strike, openly asking for a mandate to deal with trade union militancy. He was refused. The millions of Liberal (and Nationalist) votes were cast not only against Wilson. They were equally votes of no-confidence in Heath. It must be said that he earned them.

HE WAS elected to stop inflation and to curb the unions. He passed the Industrial Relations Act, only to see it openly defied by some of the most powerful unions, and he avoided massive confrontation only by the use of legal devices. No one doubted that if he had won the election, and his mandate for firmness, he would promptly have settled the strike on more or less the miners' terms.

The voters had other reasons for dissatisfaction. The Tories came to power on a carefully worked out and well advertised program. They said they would deal with inflation, put a curb on the unions, and stop subsidizing obsolete or inefficient firms or industries. They started well enough, gradually reducing the rate of inflation and dealing effectively with a few strikes. But their measures of economy produced some unemployment and at once they took fright. The threat of unemployment gives any British politician the same convulsive tremor as the threat of rape gives a nervous spinster. Barber, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, immediately began to pour out money. Rolls-Royce went bust. It was at once rescued by the government. Various shipyards went bust. They also were rescued. Enormous sums were given to the regions which had more than the average percentage of unemployed. At the same time that he was spending more and more money, Barber kept on reducing taxes. Inflation went on apace.

What did not happen was any upsurge in desire to work. The miners' strike, which caused the elections, put the whole country on a three-day week. It now transpires that during the period when working time was cut by 40 per cent, production fell by less than 3 per cent. In other words, when their jobs were at serious risk, people did almost as much in three days as they normally did in five. When the crisis passed, by a total Wilson surrender to the miners, the country returned to five days' pay for three days' work.



I have said that Wilson's policy was to play it cool, reassure the suspicious voters, and then go to the country for a solid majority, before the full effects of the Barber bonanza became clear. Instead, he added his own bit to inflation by increasing welfare payments and allowing large wage demands. He did not go to the country because he is a ditherer beyond compare. He screws his courage to the sticking point, then pauses for thought and unscrews it. He seems incapable of thinking ahead. "A week is a long time in politics." That is his favorite saying. In the concept of statesmanship, a year is the blink of an eye. He may have read about statesmanship in some book, but the book didn't interest him.

A number of embarrassing things came to disturb him. Marcia Williams was his very influential political secretary. Not everybody loved her. She had a brother who worked for Wilson in his Commons room. It came out that he had made a lot of money out of a slag heap and some other transactions of the same sort. As Wilson had fre-

(Continues on page 1121)

Mr. Brogan observes all in Britain and reports periodically in NR.

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MEDIA MYTHS

The Tiger Cages Revisited

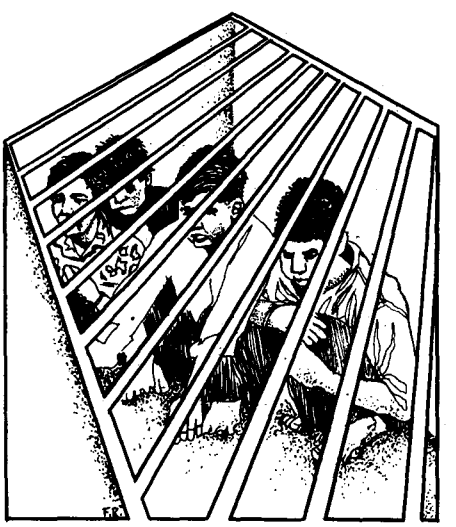
MADSEN PIRIE

OLD MYTHS, like old soldiers, never die. When the myths concerned are the common property of the political left, they do not even fade away. They are kept, like holiday slides, to be inflicted on every hapless visitor who might venture within range. The so-called "tiger cages" of Vietnam provide a perfect illustration. The myth was hatched in a *Life* Magazine story of July 17, 1970, which first added the term "tiger cage" to the left wing lexicon. The story derived from a visit to Con Son prison island by Don Luce, a peace campaigner, and photographer Tom Harkin, who were accompanying two congressmen. The photographs which accompanied the story were emotive masterpieces, looking down through horizontal bars to what appeared to be dark underground pits of human suffering. Two to four prisoners lived, "crouched" as the story put it, in each cell. The rest of the tale is easily told. To the left wing, determined in its opposition to both South Vietnam and the U.S., the story was a godsend.

The real "tiger cages" are cells which were built in 1941 by the French colonial regime as a means of restraining and punishing uncooperative prisoners. Each cell contained a metal shackling post sunk into the concrete, to which prisoners could be chained. When the French left in 1954, all of their prisons, including the cells at Con Son, were transferred to the South Vietnamese authorities. Inside the main office at Con Son, where the names of previous prison governors are displayed, the names change abruptly at 1954 from French to Vietnamese.

My own first sight of the "tiger cages" was in May of this year, when I spent a day on the island with a number of staff members associated with the Republican Steering Committee. We visited any cell we wanted to. One fact about the cells that had never emerged from any of the numerous versions of the story or from any of the photographs completely surprised us: the cells are above ground. Cleverly angled photographs, together with their accompanying story, had implied that the cells were pits—hence the name "tiger cages." In fact the major distinguishing characteristic of the cells is that they have open bars at the top, instead of a normal ceiling. They stand in the open, with perfectly ordinary doorways at the front of each cell. They are grouped in two rows, with a high roof covering both rows above the barred ceilings. Thus the cells are well ventilated and well lighted, while at the same time affording full protection from both sun and rain.

Looking down into the cells from the bars above them, I realized how the photographs had been taken. The photographer, one floor up and looking down through the bars, must have pointed his camera away from the door



and window and taken the picture either under unsuitably dark conditions or with the aperture of his camera stopped down too far. The other striking fact about the photographs is that they managed to convey, in addition to a sense of darkness, the impression of a degree of confinement that is not in fact the case.

I entered one of the cells to measure it. It was about 6 feet wide by almost 11 feet deep. From floor to overhead bars measured nearly 10 feet. Ten of our group got into one of the cells without crowding up against each other. Had we been college students aiming for an entry in the Guinness Book of Records, we could doubtless have fitted in several times that number.

In each cell there was a raised concrete slab half the width and two-thirds the length of each cell where the prisoners used to lay their bed-mats. I noticed on the floor next to each slab a thin scar of long-corroded metal, and was told that this was all that remained of the shackling posts which had been removed when the Vietnamese took over the prison. Another notable fact about the "tiger cages" was that they were empty, and seemed to have been empty for a long time. An overgrowth of weeds and sparse grass bore out the Vietnamese claim that the cells have been unused for several years.

THE ACTUAL living conditions of the 5,400 inmates of Con Son do not form the stuff of legends. Still, it would be idle to pretend that Con Son is a holiday camp. It isn't. It is a prison for serious offenders and many of the prisoners we spoke to had been convicted of murder. But there is no dramatic overcrowding or prevalence of unsanitary conditions in the prison, because it is less than two-thirds full. In this connection it is worth noting another current myth, that there are 200,000 political prisoners in South Vietnam, which persists despite the painstaking investigation released by the U.S. Embassy which stated that the total capacity of all prisons in South Vietnam is only 35,000 prisoners.

A fresh story, in the *New York Times* of August 20, 1974, reports horrible confinement of Con Son prisoners in "buffalo pens" and borrows its credibility from the myth of the "tiger cages"—which the story says are reported to have been abandoned. So the myth of the "tiger cages," that they *did* exist, lives on, and no testimony, neither this account nor that of any of our group, will discredit it. The story, now providing the basis of a sequel, has acquired a momentum all its own that renders it independent of the facts. □

Mr. Pirie has a doctorate from St. Andrews in Scotland.

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OPENING TO TRANSCENDENCE

Conservatism and the "Open Society"

DANTE GERMINO

In various of his writings, but especially in "The Open Society and Its Fallacies" (*American Political Science Review*, December 1960), Professor Willmoore Kendall gave the term "the open society" a bad name among some conservatives. This is unfortunate because, in addition to its exposition by Karl Popper (against whom, along with J. S. Mill, Kendall directed his broadsides in this article), the open society idea has been developed by Henri Bergson and Eric Voegelin in a very different fashion. In fact, Bergson's formulation in *Two Sources of Morality and Religion* preceded that of Popper in *The Open Society and Its Enemies* by 14 years. Furthermore, as George Nash points out in his study of recent conservative thought in America, Kendall greatly admired Voegelin.

In his essay "Immortality Experience and Symbol" (40 *Harvard Theological Review*, July 1967), Voegelin says of the "open society":

> The history of mankind, thus, is an open society—Bergson's not Popper's—comprehending both truth and untruth in tension. It is true, the balance of the tension can shift . . . toward one or the other pole; and the shifts in balance can be characterized as periods of history . . . But social predominance of one pole does not abolish the other pole and together with it the tension . . .

The "open society," in Voegelin's political philosophy, is a symbol which illumines the character of the human condition. It is scarcely a society in the process of moral disintegration (as Kendall feared); in fact, it is not a concrete political society at all. It is rather the universal spiritual horizon against whose background the temporal political struggle is waged and through whose presence the acerbities of that struggle may be, in some measure at least, mitigated.

Openness in the Voegelinian sense is the openness of the soul toward transcendent Being. The possibilities for such openness were not present in the ancient cosmological empires, but emerged at a particular period of world history, roughly extending from 800 to 300 B.C. As Voegelin has expressed it, the process of the opening of the soul toward transcendent truth

> occurs simultaneously in the various civilizations but without apparent mutual influences. In China it is the age of Confucius and Lao-tse . . . ; in India, the age of the *Upanishads* and the Buddha; in Persia, of Zoroastrianism; in Israel of the Prophets; in Hellas of the philosophers and of tragedy. (*The New Science of Politics.*)

For Christians, the maximal expression of the truth gained through the opening of the compactness of the early cosmological myths is found in Christ's proclamation of a new freedom of the spirit in the Sermon on the Mount and in his life, crucifixion, and resurrection. Or, in Voegelin's complicated (but philosophically necessary) vocabulary, the soteriological truth of Christianity is a further differentiation (he implies, indeed, in *Order and History* at least, that it is the maximal differentiation) of the components of reality from their original compact expression in the early cosmological myths. The process of advance in the understanding of our condition began, in the West, with the Greek philosophers and the Hebrew prophets, so that philosophy (in the Platonic-Aristotelian sense) and revelation (in the Judaic-Christian sense) become the peaks from which we may most adequately view the human condition.

Openness in the Bergsonian-Voegelinian teaching, then, means taking our bearings from the intellectual and spiritual heights of the past. Voegelin is fond of quoting the following lines from that great cultural conservative T. S. Eliot:

> *And what there is to conquer*
> *By strength and submission, has already been discovered*
> *Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope*
> *To emulate—but there is no competition—*
> *There is only the fight to recover what has been lost*
> *And found and lost again and again . . .*
> ("East Coker," *Four Quartets*)

In an essay on "The Recrudescent American Conservatism," reprinted in William F. Buckley Jr.'s anthology, *American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century*, the late Frank S. Meyer lists among the cardinal tenets of conservatism belief in "an objective moral order based upon ontological foundations," and an "antiutopian" habit of mind. Certainly, Voegelin's interpretation of the open society is fully consistent with these principles. In a striking passage from the forthcoming Volume IV of his epochal *Order and History*, Voegelin characterizes human existence as having

> the structure of the In-between, of the Platonic *metaxy*, and if anything is constant in . . . history . . . it is the language of tension between life and death, immortality and mortality, perfection and imperfection, time and timelessness; between order and disorder, truth and untruth . . . between *amor Dei* and *amor sui*, *l'âme ouverte* and *l'âme close*; between the virtues of openness toward the ground of Being such as faith, love, and hope, and the vices of unfolding closure such as hubris and revolt . . . ("Equivalences of Experience and Symbolization in History".)

In the Voegelinian open society, then, there will be no "ideological home runs and definitive victories" (William Buckley's phrase in the Introduction to *American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century*). There will be no final "victory" for the open society in time and the world; there will be no future "age" of the open society. But we should scarcely thereby resign ourselves to closure. Rather, the human condition is a state of anguished tension between forces exerting the "pull" of openness and those serving the "counterpull" of closure, in which it is our whole duty to strive with all that is in

(Continues on page 1121)

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DEFECTOR: GO HOME

An Australian Betrayal

HAL COLEBATCH

When Georgi Ermolenko, a 19-year-old Russian musical genius attending an international music conference in Perth, Western Australia, sought in August to remain in the West, he touched off one of the most contemptible and shameful episodes in Australian political history.

The Australian Labor government, which a few days before had recognized Soviet military hegemony over the Baltic republics, handed him back, working with the KGB and using an Air Force Orion to smuggle him to Singapore, where he was put on a Soviet aircraft.

With Ermolenko on the Orion went a party of Russian officials. The Orion is a sophisticated military aircraft in front-line use. Purchased by the previous government, the Orions are primarily concerned with tracking Soviet submarines. If anyone remotely connected with Soviet Security was on board the aircraft, there is a prima facie case that the federal government breached the Crimes Act which expressly forbids anyone to risk technical data relating to national security. The use of the Orion could hardly have failed to please the Soviet chargé d'affaires in Canberra, Viktor Nikolaevich Smirnov, identified as a KGB agent in John Barron's book *KGB*, published in Britain a few weeks before.

On Sunday, August 11, Ermolenko announced his wish to stay in the West to officials at the college where he had been staying. They tried to convince him that it would be in his best interest to return to Russia, but he was adamant in his decision. He was filling out immigration forms when, apparently as a result of pressure from another academic with a vested interest in the smooth running of the music conference, the college officials persuaded him, against his will, to have a 15-minute discussion, in their presence, with the head of the Soviet delegation, Professor Kabalevsky. Ensconced in a sealed-off suite at the Parmelia Hotel, Kabalevsky made short work of ejecting the college officials. His first "15-minute" interview with Ermolenko lasted 4½ hours, and from that moment onward Ermolenko was never out of the custody of Soviet officials.

In case any readers share the naiveté of the college officials concerned, it may be instructive to consider Kabalevsky's history: he is a Soviet politician, winner of Stalin prizes in 1947, 1949, and 1951, and he took part in the September 1973 attack on Sakharov. In the as yet untranslated Parts 3 and 4 of *The Gulag Archipelago*, he is apparently noted as one of the judges of a competition for a song glorifying the completion of the White Sea Canal, possibly the most horrific slave-labor project in human history.

Other Soviet officials were brought from the Canberra Embassy. Ermolenko speaks English, but after some time in their hands he emerged for a farcical "press conference," where, in the presence of a Soviet "diplomat," he announced, through an interpreter, a recantation of his former decision.

The elementary procedure of taking Ermolenko to a "safe house" for even a period of reflection never arose. No Australian who had met him before he was handed back to Kabalevsky or who had an interest in his welfare was allowed to see him, though he did make one last plea that he wished to stay which was tape-recorded by a reporter from the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

The Australian government's plan not to rock the Soviet boat while washing its hands of Ermolenko's fate was thwarted for four days by a handful of Perth people, led by Jim Harding, organizer of the anti-Communist Federated Clerks' Union; Uri Themal, a German-born rabbi; Patrick O'Brien, a lecturer in politics at the University of Western Australia; and V. R. Garland, a Liberal member of Parliament.

With 250 to 300 university students, a watch was kept on the Parmelia Hotel, where the Russians were holding Ermolenko, and on the main local civilian airport and harbor for three days and nights. A state court issued a writ of habeas corpus, but despite its central position in British constitutional law, this writ was contemptuously ignored by the Australian federal government, which quite consciously set out to obstruct the Supreme Court of Western Australia in its attempt to resolve the question of whether Ermolenko was a Soviet prisoner in Australia.

With Smirnov and the Soviet press raising an outcry that Ermolenko was being kidnapped, the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs blandly gave out assurances that Ermolenko wished to go back. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Senator Willesee, was to have taken part in a national hookup TV debate with Harding and O'Brien, Ermolenko's most unwavering defenders, at 2:30 P.M. on August 15. However, at the precise time the debate was to take place, and Harding and O'Brien were at the TV studio, Ermolenko was smuggled into an Australian government car with the other Russians and whisked to Pearce Air Force Base, where he was put on board the Orion. Willesee did not show up for the debate, and various government cars were sent from the Parmelia in different directions, to throw the press and Ermolenko's protectors off the scent.

When the left wing Australian Labor government decided human rights should not be allowed to stand in the way of its new-found foreign policy, Ermolenko's fate was sealed. The damage done to Australia's international standing is difficult to calculate (Senator Willesee is widely believed to aspire to the presidency of the United Nations). What is certain is that the government's action has contributed to the despair and spiritual loneliness of the Russian dissident movement and to the discrediting within "unofficial" Russia of the West in general.

Perhaps Ermolenko will save his career by public recantation. Perhaps, under suitable controls, he will later be allowed to make one more tour outside Russia as window-dressing for detente. But no defector in his right mind will seek asylum in Australia again. □

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CAMPAIGN REFORM

Wronging Rights In Quaker Town

PATRICK MAINES

On April 16 of this year the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit handed down a decision which, if upheld, could inhibit corporations from expressing political views during an election campaign—and perhaps at other times as well.

The case, *Ash* v. *Cort*, originated in a speech, "Speak Out for Truth," by Stewart S. Cort, chairman of Bethlehem Steel, delivered before the Rotary Club in Jacksonville, Florida in June 1972. The thrust of Mr. Cort's remarks was that certain politicians (he named no names) were making reckless and irresponsible charges about the business community and were likely to continue to do so as election day neared. Though the chairman did not say so, the politician who was making the most irresponsible charges just then was George McGovern. McGovern had said some unpleasant things during the primaries about business in general and the steel industry in particular. So too had Edmund Muskie.

Cort's speech was so well received that the public relations department at Bethlehem prepared an advertisement (along with a reprint of the speech and a folder, "How You Can Help to Keep the Campaign Honest") summarizing the major points of his address. The ad (which included quotes from an unidentified politician, who turns out to have been Humphrey) began appearing some time in August.

In October, Richard A. Ash, a lawyer who owned 50 shares of Bethlehem common stock, moved in U.S. District Court for a preliminary injunction—he would later ask also for derivative damages—banning Bethlehem's continued sponsorship of the ad, alleging that it violated the Federal Corrupt Practices Act's prohibition of corporate (and labor union) contributions to candidates for federal office. In short, Ash was charging that the ad was an illegal political contribution to Richard Nixon's campaign.

At the outset Ash faced a major hurdle in that, although he was filing a civil action, the law he cited was a criminal statute. Ash said the reason the U.S. Department of Justice had not taken any action against Bethlehem was that the ad was pro-Nixon, and it was, after all, Nixon's Department of Justice. Ash's explanation for his own right to sue on the basis of the criminal statute was that he had an "implied" cause of action. The notion has precedents in the law, but it is one about which lawyers disagree in connection with this particular law, as became evident.

Bethlehem's lawyers raised three defenses: 1) Ash had no right of action, explicit or implied, for a civil suit; 2) even if Ash were to be found to have a right of action, Bethlehem did not violate the Corrupt Practices Act because the ad named no politician or party, nor did it encourage the election of any person or party; and 3) should the Act, however, be construed as prohibiting the kind of advertising at issue, then Bethlehem argued that the statute is unconstitutional because it violates the company's First Amendment right to freedom of speech and Fifth Amendment right to equal protection of the laws. The Federal Corrupt Practices Act bars only corporations and labor unions from contributing to candidates for federal elective office; it does not put restrictions on voluntary associations, partnerships, and unincorporated associations.

On October 25, the District Court denied Ash's request for a preliminary injunction and in July of the following year granted summary judgment to Cort, et al. In reaching its decision on summary judgment, the Court agreed with the defendants' arguments that Ash had no right of action and that, in any event, Bethlehem did not violate the law.

Richard Ash appealed to the Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit, and on April 16, 1974 the Appeals Court reversed the District Court's decision. The three-judge panel found that Ash

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did indeed have an "implied" right of private action derived from the criminal statute, and that since the question of the ad's partisanship was a "factual question as to which the parties are in dispute," the District Court had erred.

"There is no evidence," said the Court, "[that] Congress thought the American public so unperceptive that it would recognize a statement as supporting or attacking a particular candidate only by use of his name." The vote to reverse was 2 to 1, with Circuit Judge Aldisert delivering a stinging dissent. After first reminding the Court that it is Congress, and not the federal judiciary, that legislates "subject matter jurisdiction" for the courts, Aldisert inveighed against the notion that an implied right of action existed in this case, and added, for good measure, an insinuation of insufficient "detachment" by the Court. Judge Aldisert wrote:

> Although I recognize that the presidential election of 1972 is a matter of dominant national sociological and political interest in 1974, an imperative of a detached decisional process commands that neutral principles of construction be employed in all our cases. . . .
>
> To find an implied civil cause of action for the plaintiff in this case is to find an implied civil right of action for every individual, social, or public interest which might be invaded by violation of any criminal statute. To do this is to conclude that Congress intended to enact a civil code companion to the criminal code. And to do this is to suggest that for every written volume of Title 18 of the United States Code there is an unwritten volume of Title 18. . . . Because I cannot begin to accept this notion, I would affirm the judgment of the District Court.

At this point Bethlehem might have done a number of things. The decision of the Appeals Court went, after all, only to the question of whether it was a case demanding an evidentiary hearing—the Appeals Court said it was. One course of action open to Bethlehem might have been simply to lick its wounds and prepare for a hearing on the merits, where counsel for the directors could again argue that the advertisement did not violate the law, and/or that the law is unconstitutional, either of which might well have carried the day for the directors. Fortunately, Bethlehem did not go this route. On May 22, counsel for the company's directors obtained a stay of the Appeals Court's mandate pending the filing of a petition for a writ of certiorari before the Supreme Court. That petition has now been filed.

If Bethlehem had not appealed to the Supreme Court for relief from the mandate of the appellate court a climate very chilling to our First Amendment traditions might have been created—and may yet be if the Supreme Court should in effect affirm the holding of the Court of Appeals. Few corporations with a vigilant legal department would be likely in the future to run a similar advertisement—never mind whether it violated the law or not.

For companies which are in the business principally of selling goods and services at a profit, activities of the type which Bethlehem sponsored in 1972, however important and needed they may be, are at best marginal concerns. If a corporation could not conduct an advertising campaign similar to Bethlehem's without opening itself up to similar stockholder actions, the odds are good that the corporation would stifle its desire to speak out. Counsel for Bethlehem made precisely this point when they said:

> The mere existence of an implied right of action under this vague, overbroad, restrictive statute would have a further chilling effect—above and beyond the chilling effect of the penal provision itself—on the exercise of rights guaranteed by the First Amendment. Implication of a private cause of action here has an immediate and direct effect, limiting the right of the public to hear the presentation of all views, which is contrary to the "profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide open." *New York Times* v. *Sullivan*.

SHOULD Bethlehem lose its point of law before the Supreme Court it will then become imperative that the corporation win later on the facts. For if that too should be lost, the precedent established might well be applied with greater latitude than the narrow case here would suggest. In Bethlehem's case, the corporation was charged by a stockholder with making an illegal contribution during an election campaign. Yet the law cited bans corporate contributions to a candidate for federal office or to a political party—*at any time*. How long would it be, were Bethlehem's directors found guilty, before stockholders' suits in areas heretofore unchallenged would issue based on the Federal Corrupt Practices Act? What about institutional advertisements, published in noncampaign years, which have as their intent the influencing of political attitudes on questions of public policy? It does not seem too farfetched to imagine a situation where a corporation found itself, for reasons important to that corporation, on the side of a policy dispute shared by one political party and hotly attacked by the other, but reluctant to express its views publicly because of the risk of a stockholders' civil suit. A very disquieting condition that, and one which, for different kinds of clients, to be sure, the ACLU and other civil libertarians have in the past sought arduously to prevent. □

"I know that it's 'schlock,' but I thought that was the 'zeitgeist.'"

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Master and Scholars

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

TIME WAS when the rising generation acquired higher learning by close association with a sage or a philosopher: Confucius in Lu, Socrates in Athens, Abelard in Paris, George Wythe in Williamsburg. A student obtained what wisdom he could from discipleship to a master, and built upon that over the years. There existed no academic bureaucracy; so learning thrived.

Something of the sort is being revived in Los Angeles—or rather, *through* International Community College there. This peculiar and promising foundation is establishing "an international guild of scholars," with an Independent Study Program for both undergraduates and graduate students, leading to degrees. The students, who pay $2,624 in tuition annually, choose some well known scholar, writer, or artist as a tutor. That master or tutor may reside thousands of miles from Los Angeles; if so, the students go and dwell near him, or even in his house. Some scholars take one student, some take twenty. A program of reading, discussion, and research is worked out, in a particular discipline. The tutor supervises their work and reports upon it to International Community College at the end of the academic year.

International Tutors

To enter upon this Independent Study Program, ordinarily one must have completed two years of undergraduate study, not necessarily at International Community College. (It is a delightful idea, though, to spend the freshman and sophomore years at ICC's Salzburg campus in Austria: optimum enrollment, eight students and teachers —that's right, eight.) Below I list some of the tutors in this program.

M. Bertrand de Jouvenel, the justly famous social thinker, will accept a limited number of graduate students for studies in "futuristics," at Paris.

Mr. Lawrence Durrell, the novelist, will offer at Sommières, in France, a program in the novel and the poetry of France and England, for eight students.

Dr. Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, familiar to readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, will present two programs at Lans in Austria: the history of Europe, and religion in history. Study may begin at any time of the year.

Ivan Illich's people at CIDOC, Cuernavaca, in Mexico, will offer intercultural studies concerning Latin America.

Professor Page Smith, at Santa Cruz, California will take five or six graduate students for projects in history; he is the biographer of John Adams.

Miss Anaïs Nin, the innovating novelist, no longer an *infant terrible*, will supervise independent study in diary and fiction writing, at Los Angeles.

Mr. Buckminster Fuller, of Philadelphia and Los Angeles, has agreed to take not more than twenty students for advanced studies in "comprehensive anticipatory design science and world game."

Professor Zvi Yavetz, of the University of Tel Aviv, will supervise independent study in ancient history.

Or one may study with Dr. Harvey Wheeler, of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; with an authority on international trade; with the staff of the Viborg Stiftsmuseum, in Denmark; with various eminent experimental filmmakers, in various lands; in conjunction with the College of the Whole Earth; with a computer expert; with a Viennese director of theater; with environmentalists and educationalists; with painters, sculptors, and musicians; with a leading figure in international banking; with mathematicians and professors of "peace studies"; with Swedish sociologists and Jewish scholars of Zen.

Such undertakings cannot be recommended for the average American undergraduate, bird-brained from early addiction to TV and graduated from high schools that offered little beyond sociability—or racial hostilities. But if one is capable of intellectual self-discipline, prepared to listen attentively to a scholar who knows something, and ready to work—why, the ICC scheme is marvelous.

Many of the scholars joined in this "international guild" are very busy people of long-established reputations, not much in need of the sum which ICC will pay them per student accepted. (Mr. Yehudi Menuhin, for instance, doesn't really have to advertise for students of the violin; yet he will tutor some for ICC, to be selected through auditions in the United States.) Then why do these scholars bother with the Independent Study Program? Presumably because it is their contribution toward redeeming the time: they are painfully aware of the urgent need for leavening the lump of "education" in America.

Ancient Yet Innovative

I cannot guarantee that all these independent studies will be equally sound. Mr. George Leonard, the Sensitivity man, writes well, but I do not have total confidence in his observations on "Standard Language as an Obstacle to Evolutionary Change." And I doubt whether I'd gain much from the Feminist Studio Workshop, conducted by Mss. Judy Chicago, Sheila de Bretteville, and Arlene Raven.

Yet really there are far fewer boondoggles and counterculture studies offered by ICC than one usually encounters in the catalogue of the typical conventional college. The originality of this "community college" is suggested by the fact that the versatile Mr. Milton Mayer is dean of the faculty.

And what have I to do in this ancient yet innovative scheme? I've not been told yet. Perhaps a student or two will come to live with us in my haunted ancestral house at the back of beyond; perhaps more later. Your servant is an authority on nothing and a dabbler in everything. I might supervise studies in political theory, my private library (in a disused factory) being well enough stocked in that discipline; or take apprentices in serious journalism; or encourage the cultivating of literary criticism; or take up questions of social community, with some field work hereabout; or offer ruminations on educational reform. If nothing else, I'm interdisciplinary and independent. Would that I had a Bo tree to sit beneath with ICC's inquiring spirits, munching figs! □

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GERHART NIEMEYER

Anti-Communism Old Hat?

DURING THE LAST FEW MONTHS a number of my conservative friends have remarked on anti-Communism in terms as disparaging as some of Senator Fulbright's. Dismissing this as a mere coincidence will not do: there is doubtless a real swing of conservatives away from anti-Communism. Anti-Communism used to be the ground on which all conservatives could unite, whatever other quarrels might divide them. Why this change? One guess is as good as another. Possibilities: 1) *acedia*—anti-Communism has been with us too long; 2) *futility*—there's little political mileage in anti-Communism during detente;)3 *sophistication*—anti-Communism is looked down on as simplistic. Whatever the reason, the change produces much joy in the liberal camp which regarded anti-Communism as first cousin to fascism, and much joy equally in the Kremlin which listed anti-Communism as "enemy number one."

Sins have been committed in the name of anti-Communism, sins like hate-filled anger, false witness against one's neighbor, even murder. But the waning of anti-Communism doesn't mean that the perpetrator of such sins will turn around and repent; more likely, he will seek another justification for his excesses. And anti-Communism poses problems other than sins of passion. For instance, if one says no to political manifestations of one's time and culture, does that amount to a denial of cooperation and public trust? If violence should then ensue, would one reproach oneself for having helped to bring it about? This problem of saying no has even wider dimensions: since 1945 we have been taught that saying no to the Nazis was a sacred duty not only for Americans, French, English, and Norwegian nationals but also for every German citizen. Today our own youth has been seduced into saying no to our country and government. Even conservatives have taken considerable pride in downgrading the state and its policies, so that not a few young conservatives have found it easy to switch to the total critique advocated by the New Left. Is there any line between an irrational and a rational no? Isn't there a line that insists that a primary yes to family, people, and state is a basic requisite for all subsequent morality? At one time, an older patriotism, indeed an older "respectability," had little difficulty in discerning that line.

The confusion now existing tends toward the dissolution of loyalties and the bonds of community and in turn breeds further confusion. One result is something like plain animal fear. One senses with horror the loss of community, the absence of guiding standards, the trembling of *terra firma* under one's feet. Thoughtful people begin to brood over what has brought all this about, the failure of this or that, and what might replace the defective foundations and ramparts. In other words, political hysteria must be expected to some extent when the ground begins to sway, a hysteria the more dangerous the more it spreads to educated or half-educated victims who come up with demented grand designs as their answers. Much of anti-Communism has been of this nature and has been distasteful and abhorrent to serious men and women. One must nevertheless distinguish between hysterical reactions to direct fears, and reactions that take monstrous ideological forms and touch off irrational violence. One cannot simply assert that the one must lead to the other.

APART FROM hysteria, what is anti-Communism? Briefly: it is a permanent opposition to Communism, not on the grounds of what is euphemistically called "political differences," but on the grounds of the basic incompatibility of Communism with any order, either domestic or international. A no can therefore be said to Communism on behalf of society, a going concern which may be criticized but whose existence needs no justification. There is no symmetry, theoretical or moral, between society on the one hand and Communism on the other. Communism is a subversive and irrational movement that has proved unable to establish any kind of peace anywhere. The no to Communism requires no supporting ideology.

Now I must confess that I am not much impressed by that moralistic anti-Communism which feeds on every act of Soviet injustice, repression, or public fraud that reaches the media. The world is full of iniquities of this kind. An anti-sin party has a way of waxing into a "government by the saints," from which God in his mercy should protect us. Moralistic anti-Communism is hard put to explain why it is moved to opposition only against Communist repression.

ANTI-COMMUNISM cannot be justified as a kind of self-indulgence. Rather, in this age of confusion, it is a kind of therapy of the mind and soul, a therapy that requires a thinking through of the Communist ideology. It is no coincidence that the liberal hatred of anti-Communism rests on the assertion that there is no such thing, or no longer such a thing, as Communist ideology, that the Communist Party is like all other parties, that it is only its ideas that are different, that Communist governments are like all other governments, that Communist policies are like other policies, only with pronounced socialist preference. That is the kind of illusion which landed the highly educated Germans helplessly in the hands of a political magician who never intended to play politics by the rules, and lured Chamberlain and others into relying on pacts with Hilter. To protect ourselves from this illusion, we must reflect deeply on Communism's premises, its historical dialectic, its materialism, its atheism, its abolition of man and society, its annihilation of politics, its elevation of Party above nation and people, its subjection of all activities of the mind to an ideological Procrustean bed. In plunging our imagination into this dark irrationality and coming up again on the other side, we begin to see the line at which one can say yes to the order of existence by saying no to its subverters. □

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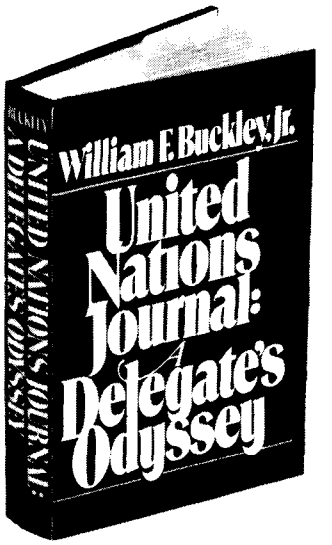

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

My Last Resort

"Another great week at the Big 'D' is about over! Time flies by much too quickly so get with it now and enjoy—enjoy—enjoy! Breakfast 7 A.M. to 11 A.M.! 10:45 A.M. Setting up exercises with your life guard! 1:30 to 3 P.M. at poolside (weather permitting) Games, contests, prizes! 8:30 Movie Time in the Ice Rink! *Rio Lobo* starring John Wayne!! Don't miss this adventurous film! Gentlemen: Jackets required in all public lounges and dining rooms! Ladies may dress accordingly!"

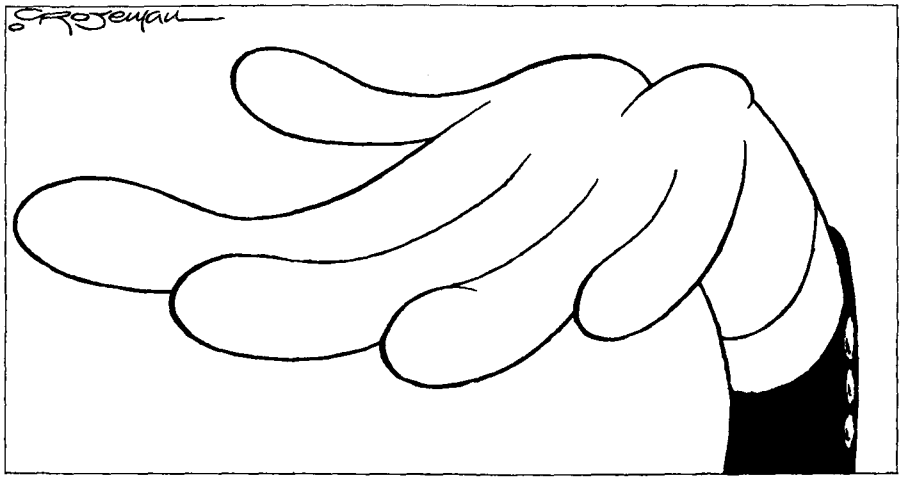
Not one imperative has been doctored, I swear it. Around here, anyone uses a period gets busted. And exclamations give an accurate sense of the dexedrine hours at Downingtown Inn. It's called, what else, The American Plan. In other words: you paid for it, you damned well better enjoy it. Unwrap all the cakes of soap. Use the indoor and the outdoor pool. It's on your dinner, eat it. Marvin in the green plaid jacket flags his wife down with a fist. She's dressed accordingly, "A nap you had to take. Jerk. From 5:30 to 6:30 we did nothing. That cost me four bucks apiece, double occupancy." A pleasure dome from the people who gave you boot camp.

I HAVE TO do everything. Tell me what it is about a Magic Fingers bed. If I've got one, I put a quarter in. After three minutes I know it's a mistake, who can read at 360 rpm? But one quarter buys more vibration time than anything else in this bankrupt economy. So I end up seated on a chair next to my bed, as if comforting some Parkinson's disease victim. Anyway, at Downingtown you can't afford to read. No one enforces pleasure, yet it's enforced. From 10 o'clock on, the eighty beach lounges are SRO, side to side to side, like Pribiloff Island in its heyday or like an off-Broadway theater for paralytics. Marvin's wife has hooked herself to an egg timer; it rings at ten-minute intervals, stomach, back, stomach. It has a Pavlovian insistence. By late afternoon six others are flipping with her. Used to be, a century ago, white skin was the sign of affluence. At Downingtown people swelter for hours, tanning themselves into the upper middle class.

Action distracts from bleakness. Four hundred motel rooms, Stalag Howard Johnson. The TV roosts like a drunk on your best writing surface: unplug it and a burglar alarm goes off. Also you see a lot of bare skin, palms mostly. An envelope in the ice bucket says, "Our cleaning personnel would like your comments or your gratuities." At dinner there's a maitre d', the waitress, the wine waitress, then the nightclub seater, the cocktail waiter, the dance floor seater, and the dance floor cocktail waiter. All affable, but not included on the American plan. My wife comes affably back from the ladies': "Good evening sir. I'm Jo, your napkin waitress. Would you care for a napkin with dinner?"

I'll tell you what a nightclub is: a nightclub is the original TV dinner. Still, for some reason, it remains a glamor word. People hit the Big Apple from, say, Tucson and they want to see a real nightclub. Once I suppose nightclub was the sophisticate's burlesque, risqué yet elegant and expensive. The quality resort has to have a nightclub. At Downingtown there's Phil Jay on Friday, Georgie Kaye on Saturday; Monday and they'll be halfway through the alphabet. Kaye is funny; at least I think so. "New York's a lousy place. Man came up to a woman on Broadway. Asked her if she wanted to become one of Jehovah's Witnesses. Look, she said, I didn't see anything, I've been in all day." But he's dying out there. Faces in the audience like you'd play to on Easter Island. We don't understand; then we understand. They've heard it all before on TV, which we haven't seen since Super Sunday. Talk about conspicuous consumption. Mass media waste-disposes humor by the megaton per hour. Americans feel entitled: life, liberty, and entertainment. It's just a matter of time. The last joke will come feathering down like the last passenger pigeon. If you thought lines were long during the gas shortage, just wait.

DOWNINGTOWN IS in Amish country. It may not be there long. The Amish are getting out, moving west. After all, who wants to be an attraction in his own bedroom? You can still see three or four, like so many head waiters at a mortuary, tooling their carriages along past the 55 mph signs. I don't blame them. The exploitation is shameless. Around 1990 resorts will sponsor bus tours to Christian Country. Five bucks admission to a baptism. 7:00 A.M.! See a genuine Catholic Festival, the Tues-



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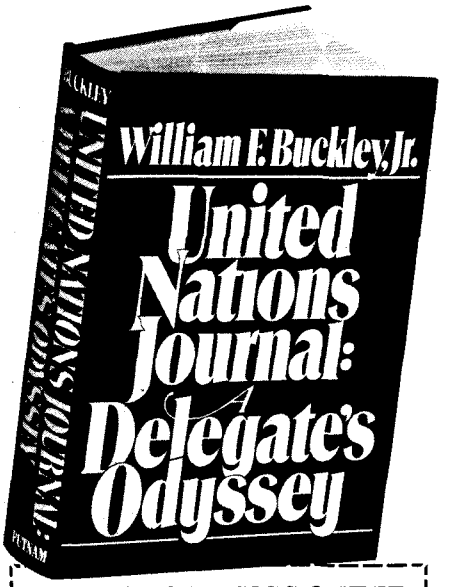
Now—you can order Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s latest book, "United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey," direct from National Review and Save $3.00!

Don't miss this opportunity to be among the first to own a copy of Bill Buckley's refreshingly candid account of his experiences as a delegate to the UN's 28th Assembly session, a fascinating behind-the-scenes story of what the UN is really like.

"United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" will prove to be an exciting and provocative literary excursion for you. All the intriguing (often *literally*) aspects of the United Nations, from the power plays to the inside report on the Mideast War, are covered in this book. Buckley the writer scores a stunning *tour de force*. You will want to add this remarkable new book to your personal collection. Read all about it below.



You will not be able to find a more absorbing, compelling book this season than "United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*." Here, at last is a book completely free from the usual liberal illusions about the UN. Buckley spells out, from his personal experiences as a delegate, not only what we can, but, more important, what we *cannot* expect from the UN: "It has become the habit of the United Nations... to ignore major affronts upon the dignity of mankind while going on endlessly about relatively minor affronts."

And, the 28th session of the UN was, in every respect, a stormy one, punctuated by the Arab-Israeli War and the world-wide oil crisis that followed. You'll find an excellent blow-by-blow description of the war events as well as the frenzied diplomatic maneuvering that accompanied them; why Israel broke the cease-fire, how the U.S. pressured Israel to accept it plus the big Russian diplomatic victory that emerged.

A Revealing Book

This marvellously readable book starts with a (sometimes hilarious) description of the events leading up to Buckley's appointment as a UN delegate (he very nearly refused to serve). Buckley has a novelist's eye for portraying characters, and in "United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" you'll find dozens of interesting personalities: Soviet Ambassador Malik, most uninhibited in the art of lying; Andrei Gromyko; the Saudi Arabian Baroody, who can (and often does) talk for hours on whatever interests him at the moment; and Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa, whose bodyguards were on the verge of drawing their pistols at one uproarious session.

The primary figure in the book is, however, Henry Kissinger. For the first time, Buckley reveals the details of his association with Kissinger, because it was Bill Buckley who introduced Kissinger to the White House. The book also includes a wonderful portrait of Kissinger in action: the delicate day-to-day negotiations involving the Mideast cease-fire, his speechmaking, views on the UN and much, much more!

"United Nations Journal: *A Delegate's Odyssey*" puts the UN in a *realistic* perspective. Buckley depicts an organization choking on its own verbiage, promoting human rights on paper but doing little, if anything, to guarantee them, while letting the Soviets do what they please. Buckley relates the endless restraints that shackle a delegate (one of his speeches was virtually *dictated* to him!) and the creaky protocol: when Buckley suggested that Alexander Solzhenitsyn be invited to address the General Assembly, he was told that it would take *five years* to complete the necessary preparations and that would be *fast!* No doubt about it, you'll find Bill Buckley at his *best* in this book!

Quotes you can use

One of the features of any Buckley book is the wealth of quotable lines you can use for your own enjoyment, and this book is no exception. Here are some examples:

- "One wishes one could say about Malik that he is the last of the Stalinists, as one wishes one might say, looking up at a falling tree, that it was the last to suffer from the Dutch elm disease . . . He has a deeply cultivated propensity for lying, and he doesn't mind in the least doing it even in situations where he is sure to be caught in the act."
- "You learn almost instantly in the United Nations . . . that the convention is simply to ignore Soviet infractions against the stated ideals of the organization. Not merely those ideals that are tucked away in the old idealisms of the venerable documents of the very early years. But to ignore those that are being hotly debated at that very moment."
- "And then the prizes were given. To six thoroughly decent people . . . But it was as if, in the year that Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic, the aviation trophy had been awarded the stunt pilot at the Dutchess County Fair. The shadow of Solzhenitsyn was over the Assembly, but nobody spoke his name."
- "Baroody . . . if he had mastered the entire sum of human knowledge . . . would still need, perforce, to repeat himself after a week or two."

You will never forgive yourself if you miss this opportunity to get your own copy of this book. Order it today!

SPECIAL SAVINGS OFFER for NR readers only!

By a special arrangement with the publisher, we were able to order copies of "United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey" in bulk quantity—enabling us to save quite a bit over the retail price of the book ($7.95). We are more than happy to pass our savings on to NR readers who want a copy of this extraordinary book.

Here is how the offer works: renew your *National Review* subscription *now* (new subscriptions are fine too!) at no more than the regular $15.00 yearly rate and pay only an additional $4.95 for the book. You pay just $19.95 in all and save $3.00 on the book. All you have to do is use the card facing this page today. Offer good *only* while our supply of these books lasts: all orders will be filled on a first come, first served basis. Send for your copy today!

You will not want to miss this fascinating book. To order your copy, use the order card facing this page. Mail it today as book supply is limited.

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day Bingo game!! Well, it may make Christianity profitable for the first time since they closed down the relic concessions.

But I enjoyed Downington. Downingtown has pinball machines. That open palm whacked just to the limit of TILT: it's as American as running a yellow light. Back in 1954 Sal Riccio and his brother Dom with Harry Markovitz put three dimes together and beat the Big Top machine for 380 games. Five days in a row they got up at 7 A.M. with maybe three dozen fans to make opening time at the General Store. Then came Sunday, the Riccio brothers had to attend Mass and Harry blew 23 games. He never lived it down. Fifteen years later, at Harry's wedding the best man toasted "House Ball Markovitz and his lovely bride." I play pinball for five hours in Amish Land.

PINBALL aside, the big resort is a jejune institution. Examine faces in that quarter-hour between Dinner Theater time and Nightclub time: blank, confused, almost afraid. Like kittens turned cats, we have forgotten how to play. I give an example. Take the phrase "sense of humor." Again and again I've been told that some vapid fish has "a good sense of humor." In forty years he's managed maybe five sharp remarks. Now, by "sense of humor" we mean that someone will laugh at *your* jokes. Downingtown prospers, TV prospers, because the nation is made up of people who find their own company a frightening bore. Two hundred years ago children made credible playthings from a stick and three rags. Today they have mod Barbie Dolls with every accessory except perhaps an IUD. The play sense has atrophied. And as we all know, the creative act in art, in science, is a function of play. □

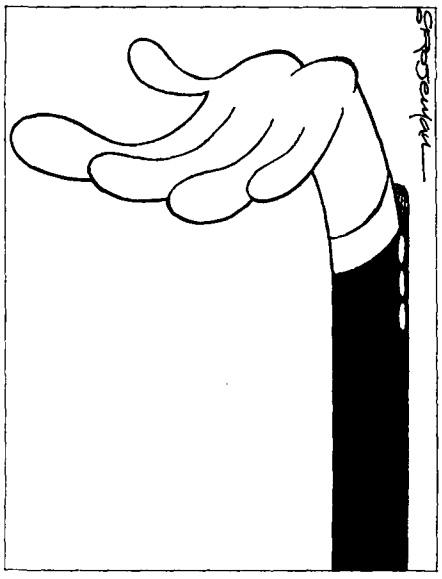
DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Stay Home

So far this summer I've been in Frankfurt, Germany; Colmar, Alsace; Schwörstadt, a German village on the Rhine; and Zürich, Switzerland. There is just one piece of advice I can give: take plenty of money and then some.

FRANKFURT. The Airport Hotel is surrounded by woods in which you can promenade without hearing any aircraft



(well, maybe now and then). The hotel is an upper class Hilton, a room around $40 a day, and service at a minimum. There just ain't any service in Germany any more. If you want to phone abroad, the operator will tell you how to do it, but not do it herself. In compensation, a jeweler's stand graces the lobby, as does a candy shop. The conference rooms are the pride of the hotel. European hotels are mad for conventions, convention centers, convention facilities, and so on. One gathers that European businessmen spend all their time parleying. And the business-speak of the ads offering these conveniences—it boggles the mind. Wages are high here: the 19-year-old cab driver who takes me to the railroad station (at a fare double what it would be in New York) has spent his vacations in Rio de Janeiro, Rumania, Scotland, Morocco, and Finland.

COLMAR. This town, south of Strasbourg, is totally enchanting, both to look at and to be in. France irons the creases out of my spirit. There is service too. And the food is excellent, a contrast to the sordid pretentiousness of German menus. The core of the town is medieval and Renaissance; there are charming houses on old streets and —above all—the museum of Unterlinden. There is the wonder of wonders among paintings, the altarpiece of Mathias Grünewald (c.1480-1528), which many experts think the greatest picture ever painted.

Alsace is a ravishing part of the world. It is the original country of fairyland villages, half-timbered houses clustering around churches, ruined castles on hills, and thousands of acres of vineyards on the slopes, topped off by the forests and mountains of the Vosges, home of Münster and Münster cheese. Incidentally, Münster cheese, in Alsace, is served with a spoonful of kümmel seeds in which to dip it. The wine is white, plentiful, and extremely good; but you must look for a good producer, because the laws regulating its production are not nearly as specific as those of Bordeaux and Burgundy. I suggest the wines of Dopff & Irion and of Hugel, both available in the United States. Alsatian wines are, moreover, bargains, because they are still relatively little known in America. (More about them in a later article.)

Alsace, though French, is not French like the rest of France. Neither, despite its partly German past, is it German. The people speak a Germanic dialect, but since they are French, you get by in French. They are very neat and clean, kind and helpful. I think the Vosges mountains, with their forests, afford a lovely vacation if one likes nature and good food. And the prices are reasonable, compared to those of Germany and Switzerland or, for that matter, Paris and other parts of France.

SCHWÖRSTADT. I am on the German-Swiss border, visiting in an old manor house on a bank overhanging the Rhine. The river is calm though fast, and the big power plants of the region loom in the distance. This is the German side of the Rhine. My host owns vast tracts of forest, which he cares for as if they were orchid plantations. It shows: when you wander under the beeches and pines, on ground covered with tiny forest flowers, you understand all the German Romantic poets who constantly communed with the woods. While my host attends his lumber business, my hostess copes with the large house, grateful for one warm body to help her with the chores. An atomic power plant is going up nearby on the Rhine; everybody is afraid. Basel is about 12 miles away, surrounded by immense chemical plants which indeed pollute the air. Here too, as in Frankfurt, there is unease about the economy and the future of the country . . . and of Europe.

ZÜRICH. The Swiss are uneasy because the tourists aren't coming, as in past years. Luxury hotel after luxury hotel has gone up in Zürich as in the rest of Switzerland—and they are half and even three-quarters empty. No wonder, at those prices; one Zürich hotel man boasted that he charges more than the Waldorf. More than ever, in Zürich, you have the feeling of sitting on a box of solid gold. Banks have

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multiplied since last year, and so have the jewelers' shops. Some of the fanciest ones—where one precious jewel rests against a silk background, one and no more—are up in the old town on the hillside. Once again there is trouble with the foreign workers who keep industry and the hotels going. The Swiss want to send them home, not considering that they themselves will then have to do the dishwashing, garbage collecting, and similar jobs. Some Swiss are getting very concerned about the superiority complex of their countrymen and would like to see a return to a simpler standard of living. Wages are the highest in Europe; in the hotel where I am staying, the girls behind the cafeteria counter make $9,000 a year. But the quality of life is no longer what it was, and there is a sort of exasperation all around which makes itself felt in abruptness on the part of sales clerks, for instance—something unheard of in the past. Is Switzerland going to share the fate of King Midas?

I have to finish this European trip, which will take another month. But after ten days, as things are now, I'd just as soon come back home—something I've never felt before at the start of a European holiday. □

DANCE

LINDA BRIDGES

The Men's Season

It wasn't quite intended that way, but the Kirov Ballet indirectly contributed most of New York's dance excitement this summer. In July, not usually a very good month for ballet, the Kirov's first defector, Rudolf Nureyev, came to the Met with the National Ballet of Canada. Then American Ballet Theatre, holding its regular summer season across Lincoln Center plaza, announced that its own resident Kirov defector, Nataliya Makarova, would be joined for several performances by the most recent defector, Mikhail Baryshnikov, who had already been acclaimed by those few who had seen him in Leningrad as one of the best classical dancers of our time.

Besides the dancers, the Kirov also contributed some of the choreography: Makarova's new staging of Act IV of *La Bayadère* is based on the Kirov version (as is Nureyev's staging for the Royal Ballet, seen here this spring). The first time I saw this *Bayadère*, with the leads danced by Cynthia Gregory and Ivan Nagy, it bore little resemblance to the Royal's version, which I am used to. Besides the differences between the two corps' abilities (in the long series of arabesques at the beginning, several of ABT's girls were wobbling alarmingly), the male solos were just not the same choreography. Not entirely coincidentally, the male dancer has become a good deal more prominent since Nureyev came West: he has been given more solos and more intricate parts in the pas de deux ("How can there be a love duet if one partner is silent?" Nureyev once asked). Makarova may have wanted to return to the status quo ante, when the ballerina was dominant, or it may be that ABT is short on male virtuosos (Nagy, an elegant dancer, lacks the panache of Baryshnikov or Nureyev—or, for that matter, of the Royal's Michael Coleman); in any case, Nagy omitted some of the more difficult steps. Two weeks later, with Baryshnikov dancing, the variations had been spruced up considerably.

Comparisons between Baryshnikov and Nureyev are inevitable, because balletomanes are addicted to comparisons, and because both men are Kirov-trained and had the same teacher, Aleksandr Pushkin. (Nor, apparently, is the tendency to compare confined to the fans: Baryshnikov saw at least one of the Canadians' *Giselles*, and Nureyev saw Baryshnikov's first *Bayadère*, on the one evening when Baryshnikov was dancing and Nureyev was not.) In this case, however, comparison is informative rather than invidious. It would be easy to exaggerate the difference between them: they are, I think, more like each other in technique (though not at all alike in personality) than either of them is like Erik Bruhn, say, or Anthony Dowell. Basically, though, Nureyev's style is classical tinged with Romanticism, Baryshnikov's more purely classical.

In a cabriole, for example, they seem to leap equally high and remain in the air equally long, but Nureyev will do three fast beats, Baryshnikov two with a heartstoppingly long time between them: Nureyev stressing the dynamics, Baryshnikov the sculptured pose. But sometimes Nureyev seems to see just how slowly he can do a series of arabesques and pirouettes without breaking the flow of movement; this gives a feeling of immense power controlled and focused by the classical technique. Baryshnikov doesn't have the same ability to hypnotize merely by extending his leg for an arabesque, but when he moves, he seems to be skimming two inches above the stage, and his *grands jetés* give the impression of having repealed the law of gravity.

Nureyev's one flaw is an occasional sloppiness, about foot positions; Baryshnikov's are impeccable, and he moves from one step to the next with perfect smoothness. However, in the *doubles assemblés* (which only a few other dancers do at all), Baryshnikov raises the extended leg higher than Nureyev does—which is more spectacular but spoils the line. Nureyev specializes in turns and pirouettes with the extended leg held at a perfect 90° angle; Baryshnikov specializes in compound turns, often ending on one knee. They both do an extraordinary series of *coupés jetés en tournant* (traveling around the stage with the body tilted at an improbable angle and both feet off the ground much of the time—again, something I have seen only a few other dancers do; I would be interested to know whether this step was a particular favorite of Pushkin's).

But the great classical ballets are dramas as well as technical showcases. We have not yet seen enough of Baryshnikov's acting to judge him fairly. I missed the *Giselle*; the reviews implied that he is, so far, competent but not very profound. Clive Barnes, who had seen him dance the full-length *Don Quixote* in Leningrad and who is usually reliable on such matters, says that he is a very good comic actor. The Act III pas de deux from *Don Quixote* that we saw had hints of this. As a partner, Baryshnikov brings out the best in Makarova, whom I had always found rather overwrought and unattractive. Together they flirted happily in the *Don Quixote* and suggested a resigned pathos in *Bayadère* (both of these excerpts are too short to do much more than suggest a mood).

Nureyev, of course, is a great actor —not merely compared to other dancers, but *sub specie aeternitatis*. This

(Continues on page 1125)

Miss Bridges *is* NR*'s assistant managing editor.*

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BOOKS

Odd Man In

NEAL B. FREEMAN

United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Putnam, 280 pp., $7.95

There were some Americans who slept better each night knowing that William F. Buckley Jr. would be their representative at the United Nations. For those unimpressed with the UN, Buckley's appointment as a "public member" seemed a happy coincidence of torch and tinder. Buckley's views on the UN, if not widely known, were at least widely assumed to be inflammatory.

Buckley himself was taken with the pyrotechnic possibilities. Contracting a rare case of Mittyism, "I saw myself there, in the center of the great assembly at the UN . . ., holding the delegates spellbound as I read to them from Solzhenitsyn, as I described the latest account of concentration camps in Mainland China . . . The press of the world would rivet its attention on the case the American delegate was making for human rights, repristinating the jaded vision of the international bureaucrats."

Partisans of the home team were to be disappointed. Nary a wisp of smoke curled from the Talk Factory on the East River. Buckley's voice, however eloquent (or mischievous) it might have been in the private councils of the U.S. delegation, did not carry beyond the elegant glass walls. He was stilled. Yes, THEY GOT TO HIM TOO.

FROM THIS point the story within the story gets interesting, and with Buckley at center stage, irresistibly engaging. The bad guys, it seems, were really the good guys. When some bureaucratic whiz kid conceived the "public member" gig, it was recognized all around that the widow Roosevelt could not be denied the charter membership. Harry Truman, a man of little gallantry and strong butt-covering instincts, did the sensible thing: he had the public member's tongue cut out. Public members, by law, speak only when spoken to and then only under the guidance of a ventriloquist. The irony peaks when Buckley, an accomplished stylist, is handed his maiden speech by a GS-14 ghostwriter. (Close students of Buckley will assume, rightly, that he found an excuse not to deliver the boilerplate.)

Mark it down as another setback for the legions of bureaucracy. Denied that forum to express his views, Buckley looks for another. Thus this book, Buckley's revenge. Not to put too fine a point on it, *United Nations Journal* is one of his best, as remarkable in its way as the incandescent *God and Man at Yale* and better written than any of the nine volumes since. From Albert Jay Nock whence it grew, the Buckley style has reached full manhood, strong, gentle, layered, synecdochical. If the Buckley sentence could be poised see-saw-wise, with the fulcrum jutted into the very middle, it would tilt sharply to the right, with meanings and submeanings piling up toward the end of the sentence. Difficult to write, easy to read.

THE CONTENT of the book might be described as a child's treasury of diplomatic incidents. Of the Soviet mission chief, our Delegate remarks: "One wishes one could say about Malik that he is the last of the Stalinists, as one wishes one might say, looking up at a falling tree, that it was the last to suffer from the Dutch elm disease." (At diplomatic stroking Buckley does not excel.) Of the six perfectly respectable but totally anonymous recipients of the Human Rights prizes: ". . . it was as if, in the year that Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic, the aviation trophy had been awarded to the stunt pilot at the Dutchess County Fair. The shadow of Solzhenitsyn was over that Assembly . . ." (Unfortunately, not far enough. In searching, unsuccessfully, for a friendly delegation to extend a UN invitation to Solzhenitsyn, Buckley perceives the rude reality of American imperialism: we have no client states. We may pay for them, but they don't stay bought.)

Neal B. Freeman *is the editor of King Features. . . .* **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** *reviews also for* Book World, Saturday Review, *and* Harper's *. . .* **Ferdinand Mount** *is the author of* The Theatre of Politics. *. . .* **Aram Bakshian Jr.** *is on the White House staff. . . .* **M. J. Sobran Jr.** *is a contributing editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW. *. . . Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

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And on being seated at lunch with the ambassador from Gambia: "I wish I had known that ahead of time, as I'd have looked up Gambia, and learned something about it. . . . I asked how was the weather in Gambia, and he replied that the weather in Gambia was always fine, and I replied of course Gambia is famous for its wonderful weather, and we beamed at each other."

The trouble he makes turns out to be conventional rather than nuclear, but it does command the attention of Ambassador Scali and occasionally of Secretary Kissinger. Scali seems just right for his post: articulate, slightly fancy dan, apparently oblivious to the fact that issues of genuine consequence are resolved almost anywhere but at the UN. Scali disappears in mid-journal for medical repairs, but not before closing several loopholes Buckley has discovered in the Truman–Eleanor Roosevelt Non-Aggression Pact. Kissinger drops into the narrative frequently, which visitations are described with great sympathy. There is a special relationship between the two men which Buckley's account illuminates.

As THE weeks of his assignment roll by, Buckley confronts the paradox that greets every antistatist on his first experience with government. The bureaucracy, which redundantly has earned our distrust, is manned by the most exemplary bureaucrats. They are hard working, intelligent, enormously well trained, attractive. Familiarity can easily breed respect, even awe for the prodigious expenditure of sincerity. These people are not so much working as serving. Which presents the servee with special problems. It is so—*rude*—to inform missionaries that they are preaching a false religion. So Buckley limits himself to those occasions when it is absolutely necessary to do so. One doubts that his self-restraint will be long remembered.

In the end Buckley's judgment of the UN is characteristically unambiguous (though not as combustible as that of his Fighting Irish predecessor, Daniel Patrick Moynihan). As Buckley puts it, not uncharitably, in the epilogue to his journal: "The United Nations is the most concentrated assault on moral reality in the history of free institutions, and it does not do to ignore that fact or, worse, to get used to it." □

Style in History
By Peter Gay
Basic Books, 242 pp., $8.95

CLIO KICKS A ROCK

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Clio, observed G. M. Trevelyan in a beautiful but forgotten essay, is after all a muse. That the craft of which she is the presiding spirit has more in common with dance, poetry, and drama than with the exact sciences; that the historian's past is more like the sculptor's unshaped clay than the nature the scientist seeks to unriddle: this has been the conclusion of most civilized men. Their consensus has not deterred certain ruffians (of whom the self-styled "Cliometricians" are the latest) from plotting to spirit her away for training as an accountant or computer programmer. Nor has it stopped better men, like Peter Gay in this elegant book, from fretting over their inflated claims to Clio's possession.

Style in History is really two books in one. The first is a penetrating study of four great historians—Gibbon, Ranke, Macaulay, and Burckhardt—and their styles. The second is a valiant effort to synthesize the claims of art and science to mastery of the historian's craft.

I can manage no higher tribute than to say that Peter Gay has placed himself here in the company of our supreme analysts of the nature of history: Marc Bloc, Pieter Geyl, Herbert Butterfield, Trevelyan himself. Reviewing such work is nearly a presumption. It is tempting, as Randall Jarrell once said of another consummate work, to hold one's tongue and simply go through the book pointing. One would begin this silent excursion by indicating innumerable passages in which insight attains the compression of epigram.

There is Gibbon, for instance, expatiating on the cynicism of a crumbling Rome "with the greedy pleasure," as Gay puts it, "of a gourmet of duplicity" and "presiding over the arranged but happy marriage of erudition and philosophy." And here is Ranke, also basing a passage on Tacitus, but taking him "not as an authority to be followed but as a witness to be interrogated": a "pious scientist" for whom God "has composed an eternal poem [which] it is the historian's task to read and translate," treating "the world's riddles as so many divine muscle exercises." And Macaulay, whose "clarity somehow becomes a vice . . . dealing out marks like an imperious and far from impartial teacher. . . . His character sketches . . . simulate the complexity of human beings by wallowing in antithetical traits. . . . His style functioned . . . as a suit of armor against intolerable realities." Finally, there is Burckhardt, historian of the great Renaissance rascals, stolid and ironic Herr Professor Burckhardt of Basel, taking "unholy if unconscious pleasure . . . in the monsters he delineates with such affectionate patience. . . . To write the history of the Renaissance was, then, [for him] to live vicariously, to act out on paper what it would have been intolerable to act out in reality . . . a condottiere of the mind."

If ANYONE else has more deftly characterized the styles of these four historians, or linked their styles more succinctly to an underlying vision, I have missed the occasion. These four studies of "style in history" fall into a pattern, to Gay's larger purpose. Each illustrates a highly idiosyncratic view of the historian's craft that is also the mark of a school: the urbane irony of the Enlightenment; the rejection of ethical judgments of the historicists; the Whig moralists and polemicists; the "poets of truth." These styles as epitomized by great historians establish, for Gay, that despite the vagaries of personal vision the past itself retains a stubborn integrity. History, in other words, is not a "reflection of the historian's private neurosis, social location, or historical epoch." Anyone reasonably well versed in recent historiographical wars will know, without being told, that Gay's target is E. H. Carr and his teasing essay of a decade ago, *What Is History?*, the ultimate statement of the subjectivist view of history. Carr maintained that it is "a preposterous fallacy" to suppose that "a hard core of facts [exists] objectively and independently of the interpretation of the historian."

One is reminded that Gay, after all, is a hardheaded eighteenth century man himself. His indignant rejection of the Carr-subjectivist view recalls Dr. Johnson's kicking the rock to confute

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OCTOBER BOOKS: *There's No Such Thing as a Free Lunch*, proclaims Milton Friedman as he collects his essays for Open Court ($8.95; paper, $2.95). The same house offers Russell Kirk's *The Roots of American Order* ($15). . . . It used to be a hell of a town, as Roger Whitehouse proves with hundreds of 1850-1915 photos of *New York: Sunshine and Shadow* (Harper, $12.50). The same house assembles a slim collection of Mother Teresa's writings in *A Gift for God* ($3.95). . . . George (*Sexual Suicide*) Gilder now takes aim at *The Unmarried Man* (Quadrangle, $7.95). . . . For the dirty-old-man set, 82-year-old Henry Miller agonizes over his young mistress to the point of *Insomnia* (Doubleday, $10). For the same house, poet Robert Fitzgerald does new renderings of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* ($12.50 each). . . . Eugene Genovese pursues his studies of the antebellum South in *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made* (Pantheon, $17.50).

As a member of the *Washington Post* editorial board, Merlo Pusey observed publisher *Eugene Meyer* close up, now portrays him (Knopf, $12.50). . . . All of Wodehouse's Mulliner stories are gathered into *The World of Mr. Mulliner* (Taplinger, $12.95). . . . Another of those things, but this could become one of the standard works: Frederic V. Grunfeld's *The Hitler File: A Social History of Germany and the Nazis, 1918-1945*. About 800 photos, many in color (Random, $25). The same publisher offers, straight-faced, the autobiography of *Angela Davis* ($8.95). . . . Yet another from your favorite clan: *One Special Summer*, the authors of which are billed as Jacqueline and Lee Bouvier (Delacorte, $7.95). . . . Reprinted: Chesterton's novel *The Man Who Was Thursday*, with an introduction by Garry Wills (Sheed & Ward, $5.95). . . . Larry O'Brien's *No Final Victories* is a political memoir (Doubleday, $12.50). . . . Andrew Levison's *The Working Class Majority* may be a cut above the other blue-collar books (Coward, $8.95).

■ CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS: Stunning photos in *Ansel Adams: Images 1923-1974* (N.Y. Graphic, Sept.; $65 to Jan. 1, then $75). . . . J. Anderson Black's *Your Irish Ancestors* is an illustrated history of the great families. But shouldn't it be called *Every Man a King* (Two Continents, Oct., $14.95)? . . . From Putnam in October: *Atlas of the Second World War*, edited by Peter Young ($17.95); *Early Russian Architecture* by Hubert Faensen and Vladimir Ivanov ($37.50); *Great Books and Book Collectors* by Alan G. Thomas ($35); *The World of Steam Locomotives* by Gustavo Reder ($40); and *The English Country House* by Olive Cook ($14.95). . . . Breathtaking is Christopher Brooke's *The Monastic World* (Random, Nov., $35).

Hitler
By Joachim C. Fest, translated by Richard and Clara Winston
Harcourt, 844 pp., $15

ELUSIVE HITLER

FERDINAND MOUNT

From the start there is something strange about the enterprise, something quirky, against the grain. Fest begins with the question, "Was Hitler great?" —that schoolboy question that so inextricably confuses moral worth with capacity to disturb the course of history. To be sure, in answering it Fest neither omits nor minimizes the horrors, but the mere asking of the question as overture betrays either insensitivity or some dark purpose or at best plain old muddlemind. Unease gathers with each page of this monumental, magnificent work. The materials assembled are so fetching, so comprehensive; the atmosphere of the time so surely analyzed and reconstructed in all its tawdry, shifting, rootless, absurd, repulsive violence; the balance of judgment on men and events so certain that the unease is all the greater. Something, no, everything is somehow adrift, but exactly what is hard to pin down.

The quest for Fest should perhaps start in the work of his predecessors in the field, particularly of the British scholars. Sir Alan Bullock's equally massive biography of Hitler has for twenty years been the standard life, just as H. R. Trevor-Roper's *Last Days of Hitler* remains unchallenged. Both are careful, straightforward works of the old school, not without the odd Gibbonesque flourish, above all written from a robust moral stance. They place the emphasis on concrete events and effects. The bulk of Bullock's work, for example, deals with Hitler's years as Führer. Fest's emphasis is quite other: 400 pages pass before Hitler gains power, another 200 take us to 1939, and the war and the Götterdämmerung are wrapped up in a mere 150 pages. Diplomatic and military events are treated as secondary, mere spinoff from the revolution inside Germany. Indeed Fest leaves the outlines of the world outside misty and indistinct. This is essentially a German Hitler. The book is itself an historical document, being an attempt by the immediate postwar generation to make sense of its past.

Berkeley. No more of this nonsense! says Professor Gay, aiming a kick at Professor Carr. The view that the only historical past is that which the historian creates does injustice, he insists, to both the personal maturity and the professionalism of the historian. History, to be sure, is always unfinished; "the future always uses its past in new ways." Yet the mere variety or alteration of possible views does not, he argues, establish the validity of Carr's views.

Peter Gay is beguiling in this graceful struggle against the subjectivists who take a wickedly agnostic view of whether there is a past without historians to perceive it. But he has not quite convinced this reader, at least, that the distinction between the historian's past and the past *tout court* is really worth so much bother. Let us concede that the legendary tree falling in the forest may make a terrific crash without an auditor; yet the only reports on how trees sound as they fall come from those who hear crashes. Similarly, though it seems banal to say so, the only history is the historian's history —selected, constructed, interpreted, shaped by his hand.

PERHAPS it isn't a "preposterous fallacy" to believe that there may be some other kind of history out there in the maw of the past; there is exaggeration and imprecision in Carr's phrase. Perhaps it is merely a practical impossibility. In any case the historian's style —his peculiar "quality of vision"—is decisive enough. Professor Gay, the elegant vivisectionist of historical styles, is the best witness against Professor Gay, the enemy of subjectivism and would-be synthesist of art and science in historical writing. It hardly matters which Gay you favor, though I am rather more convinced by the former. Either way, he wins. □

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Fest was born in 1926, was drafted into the German army at the age of 15, and was later taken prisoner by the Americans—old enough therefore to remember, but not old enough to have shaped the course of things. He wants not only to evoke Hitler—which he does brilliantly—but to explain him. And being a man of his time he employs as private eyes the now well established firm of Marx and Freud. Actually private eyes suggest too passive a role for this pair; I think of them more as a doubles team, Marx one of those big American players, all serve and volley, Freud a more delicate performer better suited to European clay courts, cutting off the returns with cunning angles and drop shots. As usual they bring along with them their verbal junk. We are alerted to "the prevalence of arbitrary subjectivity" in Hitler's personality, which simply means he did as he pleased. And when they are around, Herr Fest mimics that sneering manner with which Marx in particular is wont to unmask the motives of lesser consciousnesses. The petite bourgeoisie in particular gets it in the neck (subscribers, please, for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Petite Bourgeoisie).

BUT ABOUT halfway through, Fest tacitly drops the old team. His wide scholarship and strong historical imagination rule out their glib explanations. The class element in Hitler's appeal was patently a passing phase. The industrial workers were the last to yield to Nazism only because the Communists had organized them first. Motives such as the resentment of those whose savings had been wiped out in the Weimar inflation were fuel for the fire, but they were not the determining cause of the combustion. Nor is Hitler's psychic history as conventionally retailed much help to us. As tyrants go, his father was never in the big league, though Hitler no doubt saw the fact that he was illegitimate as a humiliation.

Hitler's own legendary failures—to be accepted by an art school, to settle down to a job, to readjust to civilian life after the Great War—were of the sort that often do induce resentment against the outside world. But they are not unusual nor, given a different temperament, insurmountable. Fest makes much of Hitler's bouts of idleness, fits of depression and bad temper, and inability to form close personal relationships. Such characteristics are alas not untypical of politicians or indeed of artists, as Thomas Mann points out in his remarkable essay "Brother Hitler." Even Churchill had his "black dog," as he called his bad moods. Observe even the most pedestrian pol at work

and you will see eyes light up and step grow springy as he approaches his audience, his beloved, inconstant, vindictive mistress. Public men are nothings without their public.

There is less in Hitler than meets the eye, as Fest like any intelligent observer has noticed. Fest's error is to assume that this emptiness is what matters, which is like assuming that the significant thing about a Cellini saltcellar is that it has no salt in it. The most important single fact about Hitler is that he was a wicked man. He was not ignorant of morality or incapable of heeding its dictates. He rejected it. He was ostentatiously, defiantly, and deliberately indifferent to the consequences of his actions upon persons whom he had excluded from the human race. And in so excluding them he denied the common humanity of every human being that is the foundation of morality. He delighted in brutality. He did not weep for the millions he had slaughtered; he wept only for himself.

THERE ARE several ways of explaining Hitler's wickedness or of explaining it away. The first is to argue that he was mad. The trouble with this line is that it works all right in general conversation, but when you are studying Hitler's rise to power between, say, 1925 and 1933, you are confronted with an exercise in rationality so dazzling and so sustained that to dismiss it as mere psychopath's cunning raises more problems about the definition of psychopathy than it solves about Hitler. During that period Hitler knew better when to strike and when to rest, when to assume legality and when to terrorize the streets, when to woo conservatives, socialists, industrialists, workers, military men, academics and when to leave them to stew in their own juice than any other politician has before or since. Every gesture was calculated, every effect precisely intended. He needed some luck, but not much.

IN DEALING with earlier days, Fest nibbles at the thesis of psychopathy, but he quietly lays it aside in this period of political virtuosity. The reason is plain. If we are to treat Hitler as a psychopath, what are we to do with that sentimental nationalism which he shared with the mass of Germans? If in the name of this shared feeling, he was able to persuade them, very largely without the threat of force, to perform terrible deeds repugnant to any healthy psyche, must we not also diagnose the German people as a race of psychopaths?

The other way of explaining Hitler away is to elaborate a syndrome of social lesions—the stab in the back, the Treaty of Versailles, inflation, unemployment, lack of a mature political tradition, and the unlucky circumstances of the birth of the Weimar Republic—add Hitler himself as a secondary infection, both product and aggravation of this condition, and conclude that the disease was inevitably fatal. This explanation has the advantage of letting the Germans off lightly and it is in general the one that Fest seems to prefer. He likes to point out that many of the ailments were to be found in other countries too. Antisemitism, for example, was much worse in Poland and Vienna. Fascism was everywhere in the air; it was a natural reaction to the drabness of a secular age and industrial society. This half truth, however, conceals the much more important whole truth that "fascist" movements in other countries were either feeble imitations of Hitlerism that never looked like getting anywhere (as

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in France, Britain, Ireland) or home grown authoritarian regimes animated by fears of Communism or anarchy or both (Spain, Portugal, Poland).

Hitler was different, the Nazis were different, the Germans were different. Of course there was a shared European post-1918 ethos, just as there was a shared post-1945 ethos, but it is the reactions to such an ethos which are the variables that determine the concrete form of events. In this causal cauldron there remains a residual element of evolved national character that cannot be dissolved by sociology or economics or a psychiatric analysis of Hitler himself. And it is just this character—naive, trusting, disciplined, serious, dreamy, sentimental, with all the cold brutality of the sentimental—which Hitler knew so well how to seduce because he shared it.

Fest says that "the inhuman earnestness with which it [Germany] embarked on its flight from reality was authentically German." He concedes that a nation must accept responsibility for its history. Yet he does not really accept it. For he goes on to say that "the rejection of reality in the name of radically idealized concepts cannot be suppressed, linked as it is to the spontaneity of the imagination and the risktaking of thinking. That this involves hazards in the political sphere is undeniable. In the final analysis, however, the German mind owes a good deal of its glory to this tendency, and, despite what many think, not all its issues necessarily lead to Auschwitz." Will you swap a Wagner and a couple of Bachs for my Auschwitz, or take a used Dachau in part exchange for a Beethoven? There is a blandness here, a lack of moral imagination. You begin to feel that the real aim of the book is not to tell how a monster came to be let loose on the world but to search out in the history of it some kind of honorable comfort for the Germans.

YET ODDLY enough, Fest does not find that comfort where it is most clearly and unequivocally to be found. On the contrary, when he comes to deal with the Kreisau circle and the July plotters, he is almost contemptuous of their scruples and their hesitations and their endless talk of morality. He fails to understand that only a moral challenge could have halted Hitler, and by the time that moral challenge was mounted it was too late. It is almost as if Fest has been so long immersed in Hitler's amoral view of the political universe that he has come to accept Hitler's definition of reality. It is from this absence of a moral dimension that this book, for all its virtues, has a curiously elusive, vague, inconclusive feel to it. □

Oscar Wilde
By Martin Fido
Viking, 144 pp., $12.95

GAS AND GOSSAMER

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

At last someone has written and produced a book that is exactly what Oscar Wilde deserves. The Viking "Studio" series has covered all sorts of immortals and oddities with lavishly illustrated gift volumes, sometimes well, sometimes not so well, but Martin Fido's text, and the photographs and attenuated, androgynous Beardsley drawings that pepper the text of *Oscar Wilde* fit their subject perfectly—even down to the affectedly unjustified right hand margins and the scarcity of primary colors in the illustrations.

There was a time a few years ago when it was fashionable to think of the sequined slug as a martyr—a role he rather fancied himself after serving his time in gaol for committing sodomy. Perhaps the sentence was a bit stiff, but Oscar asked for it. As Mr. Fido points out, the only thing inaccurate about the Marquess of Queensberry's description of Wilde as a "somdomite" was the spelling. Yet Oscar insisted on going to court, thereby guaranteeing his own undoing and giving innocent Aesthetes a bad name in the English-speaking world forever after.

Ironically, it was the draconic sentence of a philistine society that made Wilde's only serious, enduring works possible. "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," in its strength, flow, and intensity, resembles Kipling more than the flabby, bespangled bard of pre-prison days, and *De Profundis*, while often bathetic, has a soulful intensity lacking in any of Wilde's earlier works.

Were it not for the scandal born of his trial, it is likely that Wilde would scarcely be remembered today, or only as the fairly obscure author of a pleasantly lightweight period comedy, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and as one of the inspirations for the burlesque poet Bunthorne, in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*.

HIS ONLY other lasting contribution was a negative one. He gave the Naughty Nineties and normal dandies like Max Beerbohm an undeserved taint. Oscar's redeeming qualities—an irrepressible Irish sense of humor and a generosity he extended to all but his bitterest enemies—make him a sympathetic character up to a point. But, sexual matters aside, he was the worst sort of exhibitionist showman passing himself off as an artist. All gas and gossamer, most of Wilde's epigrams collapse under scrutiny, and his supposed worship of beauty, usually in the form of Cockney stableboys and cheap plaster casts of Grecian statuary, falls short of any genuine aesthetic standard. Oscar's own expanding paunch, absurd wardrobe, rotting teeth, and flamboyant mannerisms made him an increasingly grotesque figure, aptly described by one contemporary Colonel Blimp as "a frightful bounder, it made you puke to look at him." With his trendy taste for socialism and nihilism, he would have fitted in perfectly at a Bernstein fete for the Black Panthers, and doubtless his name would adorn many a left wing open letter to the *New York Times* were he with us today.

Mr. Fido's volume is a balanced short study of an essentially frivolous but often amusing period, as reflected through a particularly gaudy, flawed prism. □

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Literary Dublin: A History
By Herbert A. Kenny
Taplinger, 336 pp., $12

ENGLISH'S SECOND CITY

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

The Irish language is not properly called Erse, and Dublin has never been, linguistically, an Irish city. It began as a Viking colony in the eighth century, and in due course became a stronghold of English conquest, before English power over the whole island was consolidated. That consolidation was not complete until Ireland was nearly "ready" for independence; although Irish was the principal language of the Irish until the nineteenth century, by the turn of the twentieth few of them spoke anything but English. One of the results of the long history of foreign domination, says Herbert Kenny in this odds and ends chronicle, was the destruction of most of a vast and rich Irish native literature, and an all but fatal shearing of the native tradition. But Irish's loss has been English's gain, and Dublin is undeniably the second city in English letters.

"A propagandist," says Kenny paraleptically, "could make the case that Dublin has produced the greatest novelist of the twentieth century (James Joyce), the greatest poet of the twentieth century (William Butler Yeats), the greatest playwrights of the English stage in this century (Bernard Shaw and Sean O'Casey)," and on and on, with Burke, Swift, Congreve, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, and others whose claims you needn't be a propagandist to admit.

But there are less familiar and downright unfamiliar names too, and Kenny tries to touch all the bases. He consequently allots many short paragraphs to introducing minor figures, their oeuvres, and their reputations, such as they are, among those who have heard of them. This is understandable, and often justified, in that Kenny's seems to be the first literary history of Dublin, and he is anxious to put it all on the record. He sometimes clogs with detail a generally delightful book.

Those delights are mostly anecdotal. Kenny fortunately can't resist repeating a good story or a brilliant witticism. There are the Irish bulls of Sir Boyle Roche, an eighteenth century politician, who once protested, "Half the lies our opponents tell about us aren't true!" And on another occasion he reflected: "The worst of all misfortunes is usually followed by a greater." There is the observation of Robert Tyrrell that there is no such thing as a large whisky. And Oscar Wilde, in his last months, complaining to friends that he was dying beyond his means. Many of the stories are heroic, or poignant.

And Kenny makes terse but shrewd remarks of his own, as when he discusses the importance of gossip in Dublin's life: "The serious nature of gossip is not mentioned by the dictionaries, yet its role in the formation of a public mood, in the formal estimation of public characters, in the final turn that makes or breaks a reputation, a business, or a nation is always present and can be decisive. The intensity of its significance lessens in some sort of proportion to the extension of a nation, so that in the United States gossip of the sort rampant in Dublin (or even London or Paris) is almost totally absent. For just as there are words that are known to everyone but cannot be used in public, a fortiori there are facts that can be told in private that cannot, because of propriety, libel, or human decency, be told in public." An Eagleton could not have been nominated in Dublin, for instance; but as it happened, the gossip that was current in Missouri had not permeated the Senate or Democratic headquarters in Washington. Potential national mishaps have been prevented by the pubs of Dublin, which help make Ireland "one of the truly democratic nations of the world."

Kenny's effusiveness is alternately endearing and cloying—he has a habit of repeating his superlatives—but it seems, on the whole, justified by his own evidence. Few readers will mind hearing him make his case. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DREW PEARSON: AN UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY, *by Oliver Pilat (Harper's Magazine Press, 332 pp., $10).* Columnist Drew Pearson once asked Oliver Pilat to write an impartial study of his life, but the more he instructed Pilat on the task, the more obvious it became that no such commodity was desired. Pilat called off the project, but now after Pearson's death the work has been completed—and it is clear that Drew Pearson would not have enjoyed the finished product. Pilat, a former *NY Post* reporter, is Pearson's ideological twin, and the portrait that emerges is colored to some extent by Pilat's own biases, chiefly in his weak coverage of the Dodd affair and his scant coverage of Drew Pearson's and Jack Anderson's very own Watergate, the bugging of Sherman Adams' hotel suite in 1958. But the rough edges of Pearson's character remain easily recognizable. During the 1920s Pearson managed to be engaged at $30,000 a year as American director of the illegal Irish Sweepstakes operation. Pilat explains the action by theorizing that "having tasted the delights of unlimited money and unlimited social status during his three year marriage to [publisher] Cissy Patterson's daughter, he was determined to live in the great world on his own terms." Perhaps without realizing it, Pilat has given the key to Pearson's entire career in just that one sentence. DAVID PIETRUSZA

OPERATION SPLINTER FACTOR, *by Stewart Steven (Lippincott, 249 pp., $7.95).* Allen Dulles, not Joseph Stalin, was primarily responsible for the Korean War. Steven's scenario unfolds in post-World War II Poland. A key Communist security officer seeks to defect to the West. British Intelligence is not interested. The Americans are. Dulles perceives the prize such a catch represents—the leadership of an emerging Central Intelligence Agency. And he has a score to settle with the Russians and an American Communist. The latter has just defected to Poland after using Dulles' OSS operation at war's end to plant Soviet agents throughout Eastern Europe. Dulles manipulates the Pole as a double agent to discredit the American as a CIA operative. Stalin launches purges that produce havoc in Eastern Europe as Communist leaders topple like dominoes. Korea becomes the necessary diversion and U.S.-Soviet relations steadily decline. Thank Dulles for this. And all this time we thought Stalin was the heavy.
ALAN MILLER

FACT AND COMMENT, *by Malcolm S. Forbes (Knopf, 229 pp., $7.95).* A choice selection, spanning 26 years, from the editorial page of *Forbes* magazine. Not all business talk. Forbes is nothing if not opinionated, and he applies his well-crafted sting to everything from haircuts to Midwestern steaks. There are many timeless and quotable reflections here, but the "unfulfilled prophecies" are the most fun: "the day that there's no next day will be the day that LBJ retires"; "Dick, if you don't become governor of California, you're dead"; "it's hard to believe . . . what a good, almost all-good economic year 1973 will be." Forbes' views on political issues are tough to classify (who else was a great fan of both Hoover and FDR?). Never predictable, usually outrageous, often quite wise. All in all, a pleasant book to leave on the coffee table for occasional browsing. ALAN REYNOLDS

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GERMINO

(Continued from page 1104)

us to attune ourselves with the objective, transpersonal ground of Being or ultimate reality which is at once our source and our end.

Political reality would be simple could we but collapse forever and everywhere the tension that characterizes it, and there are always some—on the left, in the center, and on the right—who profess to have found *the* key for such a simplification of the world. But those—whether of the left, center, or right—who are open to the complexities of reality as articulated by the great philosophers of the past, who themselves dwelt on the spiritual heights, will not follow the doctrinaires. They will beware of what William Buckley, following Henry Hazlitt, has termed "extreme apriorism." They will agree with Buckley in finding the "hard, schematic, implacable, unyielding dogmatism" of the ideologue to be "intrinsically objectionable, whether it comes from the mouth of Ehrenburg, or Savonarola, or Ayn Rand" (*American Conservative Thought*), and they will desist from pursuing, in political and social thought, a vain and perishing "originality," preferring instead to cultivate the "elevated thought" of the past.

Thus, if both be understood aright, *pace* Willmoore Kendall, conservatism and the open society are not enemies, but friends. □

BROGAN

(Continued from page 1102)

quently denounced the "obscene" profits of land speculation, it was surprising to discover that some of the business had been done in his own office. Characteristically he made an angry defense. (Self-justification is one of his great weaknesses.) Then it came out that Marcia herself had a considerable share in the business. She said she was only trying to put a little by for her old age. As she has a house in the country and rents what must be a very expensive flat in London, the thought of her dreading a poverty-stricken old age did not wring any hearts. On top of this, *Private Eye*, an exposure magazine, announced that she was the mother of two illegitimate children, whose father was none other than the political correspondent of the Tory *Daily Express*.

Harold Wilson's answer was to make her a life peeress. The public reaction was a mixture of hilarity and outrage. Prominent Labor men expressed their opinions freely and publicly and Lady Stocks, vice chancellor of Liverpool University, resigned from the Labor Party on the day that Marcia Williams entered the Lords as Lady Falkender.

What made him do this preposterous thing? The general opinion was that the lady made him do it. She is known to be tempestuously emotional and when she blows her top, the effect is as spectacular as Krakatoa. It was said that the policeman on duty outside Harold Wilson's room heard such a noise going on that he went inside, fearing that violence was being done. But it was only Miss Williams having a few words with her boss. She angrily resented the criticism of her land deals and it was assumed that she demanded a peerage as just reparation.

The whole affair showed that Harold Wilson, who is extremely sensitive to public opinion in some things, is completely obtuse in others. The land/House of Lords affair was partly squalid, partly farcical, and it did Wilson damage among his colleagues. It showed weakness and an astonishing naiveté in a man so tricky and devious.

But the weakness also showed itself in major matters. Some of the biggest trade unions are now Marxist-dominated, and Wilson pretty well did what they told him to do. We were still in phase three of Heath's ill-advised policy of wage, price, and dividend control. Needless to say, the only part that was fully controlled was dividends, which had lamentable effects on investment. Many wage settlements soared beyond the legal limit and an attempt to keep some food prices steady by a government subsidy was an open-ended commitment which could only boost inflation.

In addition to this, Anthony Wedgwood Benn assumed the leadership of the Left. He had huge plans for nationalization, which would put a rapid end to what is left of a free economy. He was also pressing for worker participation with heavy representation on the board of directors. This meant that no firm would be able to cut its losses by closing uneconomic plants. When the firm reached the stage of bankruptcy it would be nationalized. This was already happening. British shares lost half their value in the last 12 months and many firms were ready to accept a whole or partial takeover. →

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This was not the worst of it. He wanted a Labor government to be bound by Labor Conference decisions. As the Conference is dominated by the unions, and union elections have turnouts as low as 5 per cent and hardly ever above 20, these decisions are the work of a tiny Marxist minority. This was a recipe for Communist rule. Wedgie is innocently and boyishly handsome, like an advertisement for after-shave, but where he puts his foot grass never grows again.

This was Wilson's great problem: Wedgie and the Marxist union leaders were making the pace. Wilson, the great fixer, was in a fix. A threat to party unity is a neurosis to Labor, but he was now dealing with men who meant what they said. If he exercised his authority, he would lose it, and there would be civil war in the party. The militant union leaders were prepared for that. They had industrial action at their command to enforce their will.

Wage increases of up to 25 per cent were becoming quite common and the autumn would almost certainly see a plague of huge demands. The miners were talking of long holidays and £5,000 a year for a four-day week. How much more would our foreign creditors put up with? If they turned nasty and the unions were exigent, we should be in the soup right up to the ears.

Harold Wilson's methods of control no longer work, and it is suspected that his health is gravely impaired. He will not lead the party for very much longer.

And what of Heath? Is he the man for the looming and very dangerous crisis? No. For some reason or other, he has never been able to move people. He totally lacks the common touch. But he will not be removed this side of the election. He has not the savagely bitter enemies among his colleagues that Wilson has, but neither has he many warmly devoted friends. He is honest, well-meaning, and efficient, but he has no discernible political principles. He can run a tight ship, which might be well enough if the ship weren't sinking.

Who will save us? It is hard indeed to see any savior, but the situation may soon become desperate. Perhaps the people will have to save themselves. They have done it before, but they will need to be much more aware of their peril before they will do it again. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1082)

nies because no one has emerged from one; thus the tortures that both this article and Pastor Richard Wurmbrand report—wrapping in wet sheets, drugs, etc.—must not be the worst that are used. Most Americans would be less avid for detente if these things were more widely known.

Your magazine is the vanguard for knowledge of the Soviet Union. If your readers do not know the grim facts, hardly anyone does. Could you undertake a project of pounding a few facts in, issue in and issue out? The fact that nothing is known about life in the colonies because no one has ever emerged from one—could this lurid fact be somehow drummed into our consciousness?

American police brutality exists, and worse things exist in a hundred other countries, but we have forgotten that it was Stalin who taught Hitler how to terrorize people, and that 29 years after the overthrow of Hitler's horrifying tyranny, the regime that taught it is still doing unimaginable things to people on a massive scale.

Las Cruces, N.M. ROBERT POWELL

Psychiatry, U.S.A. Style

Bravo for *NR* and for Linda Bridges' excellent article entitled "Psychiatry, KGB Style," even though it was rather anticlimactic after reading Solzhenitsyn.

In true *NR* style, why not follow it up with an article dealing with "Psychiatry, U.S.A. Style," perhaps written by Dr. Thomas Szasz? I happen to know from personal experience that various tortures are frequently used in the U.S., particularly on Southern prisoners. Instead of aminazin we have prolixin, and instead of warm-damp wrapping we have electroshock therapy *without* sleep-inducing pentathol.

Isn't it time we stopped hiding our heads in the sand?

Steilacoom, Wash. RAYMOND E. JAMES

Mindbending

Alphonse Juilland's article ["About Skinner and Freedom," August 2] exposing the shallowness of Skinner's "science" of behavior was right on target.

The disturbing aspect is that, although Skinner is being hooted down by some of the scientific community, his theories have been hugged to the bosom of the education establishment from HEW on down to the local districts and can be seen in schools at every grade level throughout the country.

Using computer technology and psychological mindbending techniques, the behavioralists' goal of forming the New Society through the changing of the attitudes and values of schoolchildren is fast being achieved, with perhaps 5 per cent of the population being aware of what is, in fact, happening.

Dumont, N.J. MARGARET SLATTERY

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—*Cash* and *savings*: you earn 6% to 8-1/2% interest—and lose 15% to inflation!
—*Precious metals*: values bounce around like ping-pong balls in unpredictable fashion.

What is going on? Let me tell you: we are witnessing new economic patterns unlike anything we have seen in this lifetime. We are witnessing inflation with rising prices and critical shortages—some very real—some imaginary, but carefully staged for the benefit of a few shrewd companies or individuals. We are observing a world that, despite short-term fluctuations, is openly expressing its mistrust of the value of our dollars. And we are witnessing the world's superpowers teetering precariously on the brink of runaway inflation, depression, or *both*.

The next few years will belong to those who understand that *these new economic patterns are still based on the natural economic laws that are as old as civilization*: supply and demand; self-interest and greed; the domination of the blind and the faint-hearted by those who have the courage to *act* rather than to foolishly do *nothing* while "hoping for things to get better."

There is a select group of men in this country who long ago predicted the approaching crisis . . . and who now can see clearly into the future because they have never been blinded by fairy-tale economics. They have been in close touch with each other, while the rest of the world has chosen pretty much to ignore them . . . and *many of them have already made great fortunes* by acting upon their own predictions.

The publisher of *Human Events*, the Washington newsweekly, has invited the most brilliant of these economic clearthinkers to join in the publication of a new bi-weekly letter . . .

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- How inflation and depression will affect you if you are involved in a pension plan, deferred tax plan or trust fund.
- A smart way to stock your freezer against a lightning disaster.
- Latest legislation and court decisions that will affect your assets—or offer a real investment opportunity.
- How to avoid the pitfalls in buying or selling a home during a period of galloping inflation.
- Foreign currencies: another approach to inflation-proofing your assets.
- Specific dos and don'ts on commodities options.
- Common sense guidance on choosing, buying and supplying that rural "hideaway" if the worst happens, and complete nationwide economic collapse brings on civil riots.

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Among the other regular contributors . . .

- *John McFalls* is proprietor of Value-Action Advisory Service, Seattle, Washington. The value of his model gold investment portfolio has tripled in the past six years.
- *Dr. Hans F. Sennholz*, head of the Department of Economics of Grove City College, Grove City, Pa., is one of the world's leading monetary economists.
- *Douglas Johnston*, vice president of the stock brokerage firm of First of Texas, is well and favorably known for his accurate predictions of the gold price break-out in 1973.
- *Henry Hazlitt* is one of America's best known economists. His book *Economics in One Lesson* is the most widely read non-technical book on the subject.
- *Dr. Murray Rothbard* is the leading libertarian theorist in the United States. His first book, *America's Great Depression* (1963), has become an incredibly accurate blueprint of the economic woes which have beset the nation in the past 10 years.
- *Alden Rice Wells* of Exeter, N.H., is both a stock broker and an investment advisor of worldwide renown. His "Monthly Report" and "Quarterly Report" are bibles for "hard-money" investors.
- *Congressman Philip M. Crane* is the leading Congressional force behind legislation to return the legal rights of gold ownership to the American people.
- *Senator Peter Dominick* is the U.S. Senate's expert on gold and silver mining, and an advocate of the U.S. citizen's right to own gold.
- *Donald I. Rogers'* books include *The Day the Market Crashed* and many others. Formerly the financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Rogers is now president of American Economic Foundation.
- *Col. E. C. Harwood* is not only one of this nation's leading economists but also is an expert on economic survival. He was quite possibly the first American of note to suggest gold investments.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

R. NEWELL LUSBY:

Deserters and Dodgers.

Assume Yale lost . . . to Harvard because of penalties. . . . Who would seriously propose that, after the game, the penalties should be withdrawn and the game declared a tie? I do not believe we should treat the matter of penalties assessed for violation of law less seriously than we treat the matter of penalties for violation of the rules of a game.

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BRIDGES

(Continued from page 1114)

short season included some of his best roles. Albrecht in *Giselle*, Siegfried in *Swan Lake*, James in *La Sylphide*. (Although two of his very best roles are in the MacMillan ballets he danced with the Royal this spring: Romeo, and Des Grieux in the new *Manon*. *Manon* itself is not entirely satisfactory, but his Des Grieux would, I think, merit the approval of Abbé Prévost himself.)

Just these three roles demand a fairly wide range of acting, from the relative naturalism in Act I of *Giselle* and *La Sylphide* to the more imagistic mode in Act II of those ballets, or in most of *Swan Lake*. Not that acting in ballet (any more than in opera—or, to a lesser degree, in Shakespeare) can ever be completely naturalistic. What is lost is oblivion to the acting itself: in a well done television show, you can forget that the actors are not the characters; but as soon as Nureyev does a *rond de jambe en l'air*, you remember he is Nureyev. What is gained is a place for undiluted emotion; Nureyev's despair at the end of *Giselle* would simply burn up the small screen.

This, clearly, was the men's season, but one of the Canadians' ballerinas, Karen Kain, deserves special mention. She is still very young and has some things to learn, but the technical ability is there: she has superb balance (like Makarova, she can hold an arabesque forever) and good ballon. Her acting is uneven but shows great promise. Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake* is, so far, her best role: she has the right womanliness and sense of tragedy for Odette; her Odile is crisply seductive. Her Giselle is very good, but not in the same class as Fonteyn's or Fracci's. In Act I, she lacks the pure joy in her dancing that the best Giselles have; in Act II, she doesn't achieve the poignancy she does as Odette.

Finally, though, it was the men who captured the imagination. With balletomanes already in a state of intoxication, the Canadians announced that Erik Bruhn would come out of retirement to take the mime role of Madge, the witch, in *La Sylphide*. Thus, on Friday evening, the next to last day of the season, with Bruhn and Nureyev in *La Sylphide* and Baryshnikov in *Don Quixote*, we had to choose among (one can say it with little fear of contradiction) the best classical male dancers in the West, and probably in the world. Not bad for a summer interlude. □

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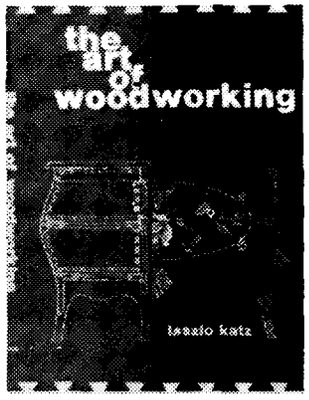

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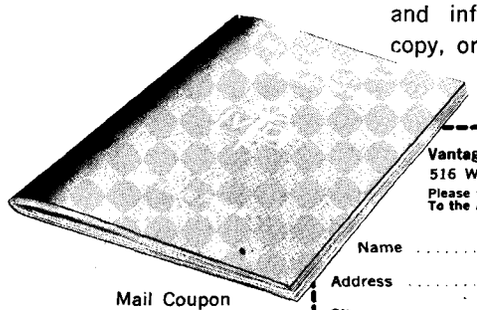

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Ford and Conservatism

On The Right

New York, Sept. 8—In a way, Gerald Ford is already old hat. That is a compliment, by the way. He wears the Presidency with a mild-mannered conviction that is altogether reassuring. It is not as though Douglas MacArthur had been elected President, or Charles de Gaulle; and, accordingly, there are no expectations of majestic proportions, so that, as they would put it on Wall Street, any sense of psychic letdown has been discounted.

He is being carefully observed, needless to say, for evidence of where he stands on issues that divide the country ideologically. His background is nondoctrinaire conservative, but his most conspicuous overtures have been doctrinaire liberal. He seized on amnesty, women's rights, a cuddle with George Meany, a soul meeting with the Black Caucus, to show that he is President of All the People. Such gestures are to be expected, and tell us not very much. His selection of Nelson Rockefeller was, in my judgment, primarily a gesture intended to restore a sense of stability, Rockefeller being one of the accepted patriarchs of the independent voter. We are left wondering where he will go from here.

And left wondering, also, just where the conservative community would like to see him go from here.

It is not widely realized how deeply Richard Nixon confounded the usual categories. There are a few indisputably "conservative" positions that evolved in the last couple of generations. We have believed in, loosely defined, a balanced budget. Nixon spent $70 billion more than he took in. We have believed in letting the private sector do it if it can. Nixon hugely increased federal subsidies to schools, and paved the way for what is now absolutely certain to come, namely, a federally organized national health and medical plan. We have believed in cutting the gross size of the public spending, and Nixon increased the social budget 120 per cent. In foreign affairs, there were complementary developments.

But there is one summary dating back to 1971. "In three years, Mr. Nixon has transformed the political and ideological landscape. He has imposed wage and price controls. He has espoused the Keynesian doctrine of government spending and has had successive budget deficits totaling nearly $100 billion. He has proposed welfare reform to establish a minimum guaranteed income. In foreign affairs, old shibboleths have also fallen. Nationalist China is no longer in the United Nations. Disarmament negotiations with Russia are far advanced. After the Nixon Administration's record, Republican candidates can no longer inveigh against big government, budget deficits, government subsidies, or federal regulation of the economy."

That was an editorial in the *New York Times*, in the fall of 1971, and in reaction to it I published a book and called it *Inveighing We Will Go*. The point to bear in mind at this juncture is that, viewed historically, there were two phenomena that shielded Nixon from conservative criticism over a huge period of time—1971 to 1974. The first was the looming shadow of left extremism, a shadow that reified in George McGovern, nominated for the Presidency in 1972. After McGovern's defeat we were catapulted almost immediately into the age of Watergate, and the conservative instinct was to defend Mr. Nixon because the people who were leading the attack against him were from the other side.

WILL THE conservatives, Nixon having disappeared, now be able to regroup? One would think that objective historical circumstances would suggest the wisdom of a return to conservative axioms. At home we face the worst peacetime inflation in history. Last year the net economic gain for the individual working man was—negative. Unemployment is rising. Abroad, we have lost strategic military superiority, and the question now arises whether we have lost control of the Mediterranean, which was as safe for the West, traditionally, as Lake Erie. The Persian Gulf states have perfected a form of economic blackmail that claims, as a purely incidental victim, Pan American Airlines, the premier United States carrier. In Indochina the victory is going to the Communists. NATO has degenerated into an administrative fiction, convenient for internecine quarrels between its members.

The time has come to press on Mr. Ford the relevance of the conservative vision. This requires the restoration of conservative morale. And the dawning recognition that Mr. Nixon's damage to conservative principles has been the major coverup of the age. □

MR. FORD ON CHINA

New York, Sept. 10—President Ford said some strange things, over at Ohio State. Rather it was the juxtaposition that was strange. On the one hand, he spoke sheer economic orthodoxy. On the other, he applauded the achievements of a slave state. It is one of the paradoxes he inherited from Mr. Nixon, but one which he apparently carries easily.

He spoke about China. He visited China in 1972, he recalled, and he knows from what he saw with his own eyes, and from the figures he has since perused, that the Chinese economy is improving by leaps and bounds. More precisely, he said that it was "gaining momentum."

Mr. Ford then explained that in order to experience progress without inflation, it is necessary to increase productivity. In order to increase productivity, a people must exercise a combination of two virtues. The first is self-restraint; the second, creativity.

Now: the Chinese certainly exercise self-restraint. If there was visible to President Ford during his visit to China a single impulse toward personal freedom, he saw something I did not see earlier in the same year, or any of the other journalists I traveled with. For Mr. Ford to comment seriously that the young people of China are "extremely well disciplined" flirts with gallows humor. We are still reminded, every decade or so, of the remark made by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, returned from a Potemkin tour through the Soviet Union shortly after the world war, that it was a remarkable place—"no labor union troubles." It would be a little like returning from Hitler Ger-

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many in 1945 and remarking the total absence of any problems with Jews.

Discipline is a virtue when it is self-imposed. When it is imposed, as in China, by screaming Red Guards who roast dissent, and nowadays forage for any inclination by their fellow citizens toward Confucius, or Beethoven, you have a kind of discipline exercised by galley slaves who, in silence and in darkness, propel their craft whithersoever the governor listeth. This is not something to celebrate, even if it can be established that the craft is "gaining momentum." They run awfully fast at the Olympics, but undoubtedly they could be got to run even faster if they were being chased by tanks.

One worries about such lapses. And recalls that haunted moment at Dartmouth University. It was a) a few years after Orwell's sunburst, his novel *1984* depicting the grim character of the totalitarian system to come, the authority of which would go by the name of "Big Brother," and b) a few months after the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of the United States. Ike went up to New Hampshire to address the students and would you believe it, he told them that he wanted the government to be "nothing more than a big brother to them." It was then that Republicans reached the sorrowful conclusion that if Zane Grey hadn't written about it, Dwight Eisenhower wouldn't know about it.

What Mr. Ford needs to ask himself is whether that freedom which we celebrate in this country has become counterproductive. I mean, in the strictest sense of the word. Is it true that because we as citizens are free in a way that the Chinese are not, that the Chinese are gaining momentum? Do we need a little of the whiplash, so that we too might become "extremely well disciplined." There are still a few reactionaries calling for wage and price controls, which are a step in the direction of authoritarianism. But Mr. Ford says he disapproves of them.

Or—could it be?—that it isn't more of the stick that we need, but more of the carrot? In order to increase productivity, there has got to be incentive. Is that incentive substantially diminished because of the exactions already imposed on creative people? I mean, of course, and primarily, the tax structure. And, secondarily, restrictive practices, whether caused by labor unions or protected monopolies or oligopolies. Forty per cent of what we all earn is sucked in by the government. Increase that 40 per cent to 100 per cent and you have the Chinese situation. What would happen if we went the other way? Back, say, to 25 per cent?

This would be an interesting alternative, and one drools at the thought of it. Mr. Ford says that we "welcome" the challenge of Chinese competition. We could dramatize this by saying in as many words that free men work better and more productively than slaves. And by lightening the load on the American worker rather than increasing it. □

A NEAT SOLUTION

New York, Sept. 4 —There are two meetings imminent, one in Washington before the Civil Aeronautics Board, one in Tijuana, between the scheduled and nonscheduled carriers. The first is to reconsider the preposterous overweight charges exacted by the airlines, the second is to persuade the nonskeds, as they are called, to fix a higher minimum transatlantic price.

I do not like to kick the airlines when they are down, but the practice of charging as much for excess luggage as for human beings of roughly the equivalent weight is an anachronism which the CAB should quietly but firmly dispatch. Pan Am earned over $7 million last year from overweight charges, and concedes that at current rates the sum charged is about eight times the cost to the airline. I sympathize with Pan Am's loss on carrying live flesh; but it is no excuse for permitting it an 800 per cent profit on inert matter stuffed into a black, pressureless hold. If the victory is won, it will be due to the public interest efforts of a young lawyer in Miami, Mr. Donald L. Pevsner, to whom the entire frustrate class that has had to pay extortionary fees at the airport, heavily depleting reserves of cash and morale, should feel grateful.

At Tijuana, the skeds are going to try to protect themselves from the competition of the nonskeds. Here are some interesting figures. Last year, 11 million people flew across the Atlantic. And last year, five million empty seats flew across the Atlantic. This year, rates are up 25 per cent and are about to go up again, and—naturally—air travel is down. In the month of July, an extraordinary 20 per cent over last year.

The problems of Pan Am are profound, and discouraging; and it is even said that TWA does not want to merge with it, on the grounds that two deficits do not necessarily make one postnuptial profit. It is left to Pan Am to perish, or to try something truly innovative.

Mr. William F. Rickenbacker, the economics writer, has what is easily the most fascinating proposal, and he made in ten years ago in NATIONAL REVIEW. The problem, obviously, is the empty seats. Filling them up adds practically nothing to the airlines' expenses, and a great deal to their coffers. As a purely hypothetical matter, if you wanted to buy those five million empty seats for a dollar apiece, the airlines would let you have them on the straightforward grounds that $5 million are more dollars than no dollars.

The fear is of course that there would be a demoralization of the rate structure. Well, it doesn't work that way necessarily. There is true value in being transported to Europe, and there are many Americans of limited means, and far more Europeans, who would like to cross the Atlantic, either for the first time or a second time, but can't pay the fares.

Mr. Rickenbacker's proposal is that the airlines—let us take Pan Am—that Pan Am auction its seats as a block, between ports, for a period of say one year. Let us (for the sake of round figures) assume that Pan Am has 1,000 flights a year from New York to London. Translated into seats, let us say that adds up to 250,000 seats. Under the plan, all these seats would be put up to auction. A plausible buyer might be Merrill Lynch: anyone with electronic communication between cities and travel agencies would qualify. The highest bidder would get the seats—say at $200 apiece, or $50 million. The airline now knows that it has no merchandising problem for an entire year. It is up to the buyer to get rid of the seats.

How does he do it? Well, he sets a rate that fluctuates heavily with the seasons. He would like to get 500 bucks, say, for a ticket, and he will hold a few until the last minute, as the Broadway scalpers do, for clients in a special hurry. At the other end, he will have a list of people prepared to travel at a moment's notice—any time within a period of say a week or two. They would pay perhaps as little as $100, or $50. A plane scheduled to leave tomorrow with very few passengers causes frenzied telephone calls to the waiting list of grandmothers who can leave any old time. Huge discounts are given for the least convenient flight hours. The possible variations are enormous, the economic results elegant. You pull revenue out of people who have money but not quite enough money to pay the going rate; and you give the money to an airline that gets money but not quite enough money to keep it alive, and is scheduled to go down while flying empty seats across the Atlantic.

Why not? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An ancient hymn remembered by its number — 2 13 33 106 108 154 188 196 59 48 / 80 119

B. A sudden outburst — 57 192 176 134

C. Headline that might appear if a Los Angeles player is conscripted — 67 9 15 41 84 24 173 29 91 132 / 136

D. Owl-glass — 82 135 193 39 56 70 177 77 115 118 / 129 31

E. Excessive love and self-admiration — 93 6 45 159 55 74 86 96 122 131

F. What the later Stone Age of Europe was called — 109 32 72 38 117 141 124 139 183

G. Two sisters who "committed whoredoms in Egypt . . . in their youth" (Ezekiel 23) — 125 100 142 146 152 160 167 7 22 47 / 144 165 185 18 75 89 114

H. A New York Yankee pitcher — 155 42 63 87 107 112 145 5 16 26 / 53

I. A short story by Ring Lardner — 43 65 71 76 127 28 61

J. Certain wrongful acts — 170 40 179 120 99

K. To retreat at full speed — 79 111 163 138 123 186 153 81

L. One of the oldest nations in the world — 98 105 175 1 126

M. Small river in Scotland, tributary to the Ettrick — 197 169 66 90 46 14

N. Conscious exertion of power — 10 164 148 178 50 130

O. Expensive — 17 62 69 83 8

P. Characterized by the the use of a certain part of speech — 21 11 88 147 168 194 35 51 180 58

Q. City in Massachusetts, near Fall River — 73 49 64 20 52 30 60 92 95 189

R. Reduced the light from — 181 85 102 140 156 36

S. Member of Congress from Nebraska, 1903-1943; served in both houses — 187 25 103 158 101 191

T. An itinerant street musician — 23 4 78 157 137 151 166 182 133 94 / 44 54

U. To provide with a reason for doing something — 27 195 149 104 97 12 143 171

V. Reached — 150 116 174 161 68 190 37

W. Where the Civil War began (in England) — 19 3 110 113 121 162 172 128 184 34

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1124 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 L	2 A	3 W	4 T	■	5 H	6 E	7 G	8 O	9 C	10 N	11 P	■	12 U	13 A	14 M	15 C
16 H	17 O	■	18 G	19 W	■	20 Q	21 P	22 G	■	23 T	24 C	25 S	26 H	■	27 U	28 I	29 C
30 Q	31 D	32 F	33 A	■	34 W	35 P	36 R	37 V	38 F	39 D	40 J	41 C	42 H	43 I	44 T	45 E	46 M
47 G	48 A	49 Q	50 N	■	51 P	52 Q	53 H	54 T	55 E	56 D	57 B	■	58 P	59 A	60 Q	61 I	■
62 O	63 H	64 Q	65 I	66 M	67 C	■	68 V	69 O	70 D	71 I	72 F	73 Q	74 E	■	75 G	76 I	77 D
78 T	79 K	80 A	■	81 K	82 D	83 O	84 C	85 R	86 E	87 H	■	88 P	89 G	90 M	91 C	92 Q	93 E
■	94 T	95 Q	96 E	97 U	98 L	99 J	■	100G	101S	102R	■	103S	104U	105L	106A	107H	■
108A	109F	110W	111K	112H	■	113W	114G	115D	■	116V	117F	118D	119A	120J	121W	122E	123K
■	124F	125G	126L	127I	128W	129D	130D	■	131E	132C	133T	■	134B	135D	136C	137T	■
138K	139F	140R	■	141F	142G	■	143U	144G	145H	■	146G	147P	148N	149U	■	150V	151T
152G	153K	154A	■	155H	156R	157T	158S	159E	160G	161V	162W	163K	■	164N	165G	166T	■
167G	■	168P	169M	170J	171U	172W	173C	174V	175L	■	176B	177D	178N	179J	180P	181R	182T
183F	184W	185G	■	186K	187S	188A	■	189Q	190V	191S	192B	193D	194P	195U	196A	197M	■

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For Ketcham, the Exxon program is the chance to hone his skills as a conductor with a major orchestra. For Exxon, it offers an opportunity to promote the careers of promising American musicians and to introduce new audiences to the world of serious music.

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Like all the young conductors in the Exxon program, Ketcham is gaining invaluable professional experience working closely with a ranking conductor, Peter Erös, and leading the symphony in regularly scheduled performances. He's also stimulating interest in orchestral music among young people by presenting concerts at schools in the San Diego area. These informal concerts have won Ketcham the "bravos" of the student audiences.

Thanks to Charles Ketcham and other young conductors in the Exxon-Affiliate Artist Conductors program, great music is reaching more people than ever before—in classrooms, churches, factories, hospitals, and nearly anywhere an orchestra can find a place to play. It's good for the communities and it's good for young conductors on their way to great careers.

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